

THE RAE WATERLOO DINNER

Dr C.E.W. Bean recorded in the Australian Official History of ANZAC, that the chief facility at the Anzac Base, Gallipoli was a pier constructed by elements of the 2nd Aust Fd. Coy under lieutenant S.H. Watson, RAE of the 1st Aust Div Sig Coy.

On 18th June 1915 when the 'Brass' were gathering for their daily custom of "elevenses" or "coffee house" in the AA and GMG, 1st Aust Div dugout (then LTCOL later BRIGGEN C.H. Foott, RAE) it was intimated by MAJ Mackworth, RE (OC, 1st Div Sig Coy) that the pier, the first of serviceable capacity at Anzac, had been completed.

LTCOL Foott called attention to 18th June 1915 being the 100th anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo and suggested that a dinner be held in his dugout that evening to celebrate both the Waterloo Anniversary and the pier's completion.

A menu to suit the occasion was drawn and designed by Sapper (later Sergeant) G.T.M. Roach who was aided by LTCOL Foott. The dinner was titled "Australian Engineers Annual Corps Dinner".

During the dinner MAJ Mackworth proposed that the pier be named Watson's Pier after the builder, and produced a small board notice to that effect.

The dinner was attended by:

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|-------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| BRIGGEN Joly de Lotbiniere | CAPT V.A.V. Sturdee, RAE |
| LTCOL C.A. Foott, RAE, AQMG | CAPT R.H. Goold, RAE, Sigs |
| LTCOL W.A. Leslie, RE, AAQMG | LT G. Gordon, RAE, Sigs |
| LTCOL G.R. Pridham, RE, ANZAC | LT R.J. Hamilton, RAE, Sigs |
| LTCOL F.N. Mozley, RE | LT S.H. Watson, RAE, Sigs |
| MAJ C.M. Wagstaff, RE | LT R.A. Ramsay, ADC |
| MAJ H. Mackworth, RE, DSO | |

An original menu (held in the RAE Museum) was signed by those attending excepting LT Watson who stated later "I did not sign the Menu Card as it would have made 13 signatures, war time superstition vs the No 13 - objections by all".

The first known RAE Waterloo Dinner to be held after 1915 was held in Melbourne in 1924. At this time COL C.H. Foott was on the QMG Branch staff in Melbourne. After COL Foott was appointed Director of Engineers on 1 Jan 25 other States were encouraged to celebrate Waterloo Dinners.

A review of Dinner Menus used over the years reveals considerable variation in the Title and in Toast detail. Dinners have commemorated Waterloo Day, Waterloo Dinner, Annual Dinner and Corps Dinner. Toasts have been proposed to "The Day We Celebrate", "RAE" and "The Corps". One generally common feature has been to toast or stand in silence in memory of Fallen Comrades.

Since 1924 the dinner has been celebrated annually at various venues both in Australia and overseas. A point of interest is that in 1948 the Engineer-in-Chief, BRIG Secombe indicated that there was no recognised connection between the Royal Engineers and the Battle of Waterloo, nor is the Battle of Waterloo even mentioned in association with the Corps Dinner. He further stated "There is no objection to the holding of the RAE Corps

dinner in any State on 18th June if that day is convenient. However, it is undesirable that such dinners should be referred to as "Waterloo Dinners".

At the 1915 Dinner four of the RAE Officers and one of the RE Officers was a Signal Engineer. For many years, even after the formation of the Aust Corps of Signals in 1925, the Dinners were held as Engineer and Signal Officers' reunions. The tradition of having the Signals Corps represented at Dinners is still observed, a reminder of the close association between RAE and RA Sig.

Royal Australian Engineers can be proud of their Waterloo Dinner tradition - a purely Australian event stemming from that recognised birthplace of Australia's military tradition, Gallipoli.

RAE AND THE CITY OF LIVERPOOL

Although Military engineering courses had been conducted in and around Liverpool for many years before 1939, it was not until the 15th of September of that year that the School of Military Engineering was permanently established as the home of the Corps of Royal Australian Engineers.

During the war over eight thousand Sappers of all ranks passed through the School and most came to know Liverpool well. After the war the size of SME was greatly reduced but a steady flow of students and recruits continued to make their presence felt in the area. In 1959, to mark 20 years of association with the Corps, Freedom of Entry into what was then the Municipality of Liverpool was bestowed upon the Royal Australian Engineers. This honour, which was historic in that it was the first time that such a conferral had been made in Australia, was accepted on behalf of the corps by SME.

In 1960 Liverpool became a City and when the city crest was designed, two grenades, symbols of the Royal Australian Engineers, were incorporated.

VERSATILITY OF A SAPPER

"Well may it be asked", wrote Captain and Quartermaster I.W.J. Connolly, the Historian of the Royal Sappers and Miners, "What is a Sapper?"

This versatile genius is, as Dryden has already answered, "not one but all mankind's epitome; condensing the whole system of military engineering and all that is useful and practical under one red jacket".

He is the man of all work of the Army and the public - astronomer, geologist, surveyor, draughtsman, artist, architect, traveller, explorer, antiquary, mechanic, diver, soldier and sailor; ready to do anything or go anywhere; in short, he is a SAPPER.

Contents

Sections

1. Engineer Songs
2. Popular Army Songs
3. Engineer Poems

WINGS

Wings was adopted as the RE quick march in about 1870 and was officially recognised in 1902. It consists of two tunes combined, the first part being adapted from the air "The Path across the Hills", a tune of unknown German origin, and the second "Wings" by Dolores (Mill Dickson).

The words are as follows:

"Wings to bear me over mountain and vale away;
Wings to bathe my spirit in morning's sunny ray.
Wings that I may hover at morn above the sea;
Wings through life to bear me, the death triumphantly.

Wings like youth's fleet moments which swiftly o'er me passed;
Wings like my early visions, to bright, to fair to last.
Wings that I might recall them, the loved, the lost, the dead;
Wings that I might fly after the past, long vanished.

Wings to Lift me upward, soaring the Eagle flight;
Wings to waft me heav'nward to bask in realms of light.
Wings to be no more wearied, lulled in eternal rest;
Wings to be sweetly folded where Faith and Love are blessed".

The Engineers Prayer

Our Heavenly Father,
You are the Great Engineer of the Universe
You give us this food, to strengthen us in your service;
You give us the fellowship of Sappers, amongst friendships built up over years;
You give us that strong bridge with the past, our traditions as Royal Australian Engineers;
We give you thanks, Our Lord.

Amen.

RAE VERSION OF HURRAH FOR THE CRE

Good Morning, Mr Stevens and Windy Notchy Knight
Hurrah for the CRE.

We're working very hard down on Upnor Hard,
Hurrah for the CRE.

You make fast, I make fast, make fast the dinghy,
Make fast the dinghy, make fast the dinghy,
You make fast, I make fast, make fast the dinghy,
Make fast the dinghy, pontoon.

For we're marching on to Laffins Plain,
Where the old Dun Cow caught fire,

Ah! Ah! ah la balla balla

Oshta, oshta, oshta, oshta.

I saw a black man sitting on a raft,

I saw a colonel looking quite daft.

He hi ho, the dinghy's going,

He hi ho, the dinghy's gone.

Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah,

Shussh-----whoow!

RE VERSION OF HURRAH FOR THE CRE

Good Morning, Mr Stevens and windy Notchy Knight
Hurrah for the CRE.

We're working very hard down on Upnor Hard,
Hurrah for the CRE.

You make fast, I make fast, make fast the dinghy,
Make fast the dinghy, make fast the dinghy,
You make fast, I make fast, make fast the dinghy,
Make fast the dinghy, pontoon.

For we're marching on to Laffans Plain,
To Laffan's Plain, to Laffan's Plain

Yea we're marching on to Laffan's Plain
Where they don't know mud form clay
Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah,
Oshta, oshta, oshta, oshta.

Ikona malee, picaninny skoff,
Ma-ninga sabenza, here's another off.
Oolun-da cried Matabele

Oolun-da, away we go.

Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah,

Shussh-----whoow!

HURRAH FOR CO SME

*Good morning COL Rose and what a lovely school,
Hurrah for CO SME.*

*We're working very hard out on the TEWTS,
Hurrah for CO SME.*

*You tap dance, I tap dance, tap dance the solution,
Tap dance the solution, tap dance the solution,
You tap dance, I tap dance, tap dance the solution,
Tap dance the solution to the TEWT.*

*For we're aiming for our Squadron command,
Yes, we're aiming for our Squadron command,*

*And the CO's watching us
Oshta, Oshta, Oshta, Oshta*

I saw a DS sitting on a hill

I saw a DS looking like a dill

He, hi, ho the course is going

He, hi, ho, the course is gone

Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah

Shush-----Whoo!

Composed by: 1/86 ROAC, RAE

THE '85 ROAC
TO THE TUNE OF "IVAN SKAVINSKI SKAVAR"

Now the CO, he said
"Welcome lads to the course,
We expect all to pass," so whoopee!
But the stories we told
Were too foul and too coarse
At the 85 ROAC!

Scott Morris came in with his ADAM
And his gear which said "You can't see me".
His hopes are all up for the Americas Cup
But not for the ROAC!

Alan Steele is a Pommy,
Keen cricket fan too,
He's been heard to cry "Victory"
But he'd better watch out
For his very next shout's
For the 85 ROAC!

Now there's taxes and rates
For Bob Hawke and his mates
And the pay rise from DFRT
But they'll never be worse
Than the study guide curse
At the 85 ROAC.

Geoff Spencer from 6 Gp
His stories we love
His laughter's infectious for me,
But he's getting so horny
He'd give Liz a shove
At the 85 ROAC.

Now the sons of the prophet
Are hardy and bold,
Including old Ivan SKAVINSKI
But they've never had to present
Outlines plans
At the 85 ROAC.

Now there's Adrian sent us all off
In a truck
To do all the recces you see,
But he still isn't sure
What the hell he has struck
With the 85 ROAC.

Now the SI came in
Smelling strongly of gin
And a little hung over, you see
My problem's perplexed
Cause they're all oversexed,
This 85 ROAC.

Now Dennis is quick with his little golf stick
And he drinks in the bar here at SME
But he'll never compete
With the tap dancing feet
Of the 85 ROAC.

Went to Singleton Mess
Where we tasted the worst
That the Irish can dish up for tea
Its great to be back
To the best Mess of all
For the 85 ROAC!

THE GIRL ON BURLEIGH BEACH

Show me the way to go home
Said the girl on Burleigh Beach
I had a swimsuit about an hour ago
But it's floated out of reach
And all I have now on is sand and sea and foam
So give me a page of the Courier Main
And show me the way to go home.

AFTER THE BALL

After the Ball is over, See her remove an eye
Put her false teeth on the dresser
Beside them her bottle of dye
Park her cork leg in the corner
Hang up her wig on the wall
And all that is left goes to bye-byes
After the Ball.

Her head when she wakes in the morning
Will not have an ache or a pain
It also fell off with her torso
This semi-detach-able Jane
I no longer am what I was dear
But what I have left is my all
Treat it with all due respect dear
After the Ball.

I DON'T WANNA JOIN THE ARMY

Chorus

I don't wanna join the Army
I don't wanna go to war
I'd rather hang around Piccadilly or the Strand
Living off the earnings of a high class lady
I don't want a bayonet up me arsehole
I don't want me bollocks shot away
I'd rather stay in England, jolly, jolly England
Than friggin' all me fuggin' life away.

Monday night it was I met her
Tuesday I touched her on the knee
Wednesday - success! I lifted up her dress
And Thursday night I saw it
Friday I put me hand upon it
Saturday she gave me balls a tweek
And Sunday I got up her
Well and truly up her
And now I'm paying thirty bob a week

Repeat Chorus

THE HARLOT OF JERUSALEM

Back in the days of King Kanute
There lived a Maid of F-----g Beaut
A prostitute of known repute
The Harlot of Jerusalem

CHORUS:

Hi! Hi! Kafusalem, Kafusalem, Kafusalem
Hi! Hi! Kafusalem the Harlot of Jerusalem.

This lass she had an arse
An arse that would pass in any class
Would even surpass an elephant's arse
This Harlot of Jerusalem.

CHORUS

There lived a Bastard six feet tall
Who with his tool could lift a wall
And he had F----d them one and all
The Harlots of Jerusalem.

CHORUS

One night returning from a spree
As pissed as pissed as he could be
Possessed of only Two and Three (2/3)
Was accosted by Kafusalem.

CHORUS

She took him to a Shady Nook
Undid his fly and out she took
His penis like a butcher's hook
The Pride of all Jerusalem.

CHORUS

The pair set out to have some fun
His penis fired like a Vickers Gun
AS he planted the seed of many a Son
In the Bowels of Old Kafusalem.

CHORUS

There chanced upon them in their delight
An Israelite the rotten Skite
Who had only joined the Force that night
The Police force of Jerusalem.

CHORUS

The village boy by the Balls he took
And giving his Hook an envious look
He flung him into the Biblical brook
That flows around Jerusalem.

CHORUS

Then Buzzing round like a Bumble Bee
He caught his Balls upon a tree
And there he hangs for all to see
That Bastard from Jerusalem.

CHORUS

ABDUL THE BUL - BUL - AMIR

The Harems of Egypt are fair to behold
And the maidens are fairer than fair
But the fairest of all was owned by a sheik
Called abdul the BUL - BUL - AMIR.

Now a travelling Brothel was brought to the Town
By a Russian who came from afar
He issued a challenge for all who could Shag
Count IVAN SKAVINSKI SKAVAR.

Now ABDUL he rides with a maid by his side
His face all aglow with desire
He'll show this Bold Russian that none can out Shag
abdul the BUL - BUL - AMIR.

The spectacle great was arranged for a date
And a visit was paid by the TSAR
The Streets were all lined with Harlots Entwined
for ABDUL and IVAN SKAVAR.

They met on the track, their Tools hanging slack
The Starter's gun punctured the air
They were quick on the rise and all gasped at the size
of ABDUL the BUL - BUL - AMIR.

When Ivan had done and was cleaning his gun
He bent down to polish his pair
When he felt a Great Root up his brown tucker chute
It was ABDUL the BUL - bul - AMIR.

Now the Harlots turned Green & the Men shouted Queen
They were ordered apart by the TSAR
But so fast were they stuck it was F-----g bad luck
For IVAN SKAVINSKI SKAVAR.

But the cream of the Joke when at last they were broke
Was laughed at for years by the TSAR
For ABDUL the fool had left half of his Tool
in the ARSE of SKAVINSKI SKAVAR.

THE ENGINEERS SONG

CHORUS

WE ARE, WE ARE, WE ARE, WE ARE, WE ARE THE ENGINEERS,
WE CAN, WE CAN, WE CAN, WE CAN DEMOLISH FORTY BEERS,
DRINK RUM, DRINK RUM, DRINK RUM AND COME ALONG WITH US,
FOR WE DON'T GIVE A DAMN FOR ANY OLD MAN WHO DON'T GIVE A DAMN FOR US.

My father was a hunter practising to shoot
My mother was a mistress from a house of ill repute
The last time that I saw them these words rang in my ear
Get out of here you son of a bitch and join the Engineers.

A maiden and an engineer were sitting in the park
The engineer was busy doing research after dark
His scientific method was a marvel to observe
While his right hand wrote the figures his left hand traced the curve.

Godiva was a lady who through Coventry did ride
To show the local citizens the colour of her hide
My father who was standing there an engineer of course
Was the only one noticed that Godiva rode a horse.

She said "I've come a long way and I will go as far
With the man who takes me from this horse and takes me to a bar"
The man who took her from her horse and shouted her a beer
was a well dressed perfect gentleman***a drunken engineer.

Moses was a baby, in a basket he was found,
By the Pharaoh's daughter with the rushes all around,
She showed him to her father who gave a mighty sneer
He said the little basket is the work of an engineer.

Kinsey was a doctor who wrote a long report
On sex and other forms of sport
He said that 66% of us all are really very queer
The other 24% are bloody Engineers.

Sabrina was a lady with a 42 inch bust
Structurally unstable and insecurely trussed
The local Council said that wasn't right
So they sent an engineer to inspect her every night.

The Army and the Navy were out to have some fun
Down at the local pub where the firely liquors run
But all they found were empties, for the Engineers had come
And traded their instruments in for gallon kegs of rum.

Francis Drake and all his ships set out for Cadiz Bay
They heard the Spanish Rum Fleet was heading that way
But the Engineers had them beat by a night and half a day
And though they drank for all that time, you still could hear them
say *****

Now Caesar went to Egypt at the age of fifty three
But Cleopatra's heart was warm and young and free
And every night when Julius said "Good Night" at 3 o'clock
There was a Roman Engineer waiting around the Block.

She wears her silk pyjamas in the summer when it's hot,
She wears her wool pyjamas in the winter when it's not,
But sometimes in the springtime and sometimes in the fall,
She slips between the sheets with nothing on at all.
Glory how I'd like to be there
Glory how I'd like to be there
Glory how I'd like to be there
In the springtime and the fall.

THE OP ENGINEERS

The leading scout raised his arm
in the village of LONG-PHUC,
he'd found another tunnel
but who'd go down to look,
the corporal passed the word back
it went back far behind
to let the platoon commander know
of his recent find.

Then along came this soldier
with mud from head to toe
"Where's the tunnel entrance?"
was all he wanted to know
when they showed the soldier
he quickly looked around
and before they could stop him
he'd gone down under ground.

Now he'd been searching on his gut
all that day I bet
looking out for booby traps
that ol' Charlie's set
then he found the wire
stretched out taut and thin
but he deloused that booby trap
with a safety pin.

Then he found the weapon
leaning on the wall
there was no disputing
he'd found a real big haul
when he finally surfaced
wearing a big grin
he proudly showed the diggers
what he'd found within.

How he'd like to sit down
and roll himself a smoke
but he's been called up forward
by another bloke

so when you see that hat badge
that's like a bursting shell
remember that this fellow
has crawled halfway through hell.

And if he's in a bar mate
you buy that bloke a beer
because, sir, your drinking
with an AUSSIE ENGINEER.

Written by To 3 TP 1 FIELD SQN SVN '65-66
 Sgt D Evans 6 RAE
 SVN 1965
 Sung to the tune "Bink the Bismark."

THE ROME PLOWS

- * Dedicated to the 17 Const Sqn LAND CLEARING TEAM.
- * To the tune of Waltzing Matilda.
- 1. Once was a Charlie hidden in his hideaway
Under the spread of a jungle tree
He sat in his shit and waited for a plow to come
You'll go a walking a Rome-Plow with me.

CHORUS

Walking a Rome Plow, walking a Rome Plow
You'll go a'walking my Rome Plow with me
And we laugh as we go and we cut the bloody jungle down
You'll go a'walking a Rome Plow with me.

- 2. In goes the lead plow with jungle crashing all around
Here comes a fucking R.P.G.
And the burning steel puts the operator on the ground
You'll go a-walking my Rome Plow with me.

CHORUS

- 3. Dust-off is coming. Shit is flying all around
Rome plows deep going stabbing trees
And our curses and prayers are mixed into the battle sound
You'll go a-walking my Rome Plow with me.

CHORUS

- 4. Into 'OUR' cut, a helicopter landing there
Out steps 'WERTY' one-two-three
And he smiles as he views the devastation lying there
You'll want a-walking my Rome Plow with me.

CHORUS

- 5. Some day a young lad.....up upon my lap he'll sit
Seeking a story of bravery
And I won't have to say I sat at Vungara shooting shit
I was walking a Rome Plow you see.

CHORUS

TRAVELLING DOWN THE FREEWAY

Travelling down the Freeway at 30K's an hour
We are the Corps of Engineers We are a f---ing shower

We can't change up and we can't change down
The gear box is in but it's upside down
We are the Engineers, We are the Engineers.

Every Monday morning it's RSM's Parade
The Corps of drums are playing
The Donkey Serenade
Some silly b-----d shouts right dress
You should have seen the b---dy mess
We are the Engineers, We are the Engineers.

IN THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY

She wore, She wore, She wore a yellow ribbon
She wore a yellow ribbon, In the Merry Month of May
And if you asked her why the hell she wore it
She wore it for a Sapper who was far, far, away.

CHORUS

*Far away (Not far enough)
Far away (Too far Too far)
And she wore it for a Sapper
Who was far far away.*

Down the street she pushed a pramulator
She pushed a pramulator in the Merry Month of May
And if you asked why the hell she pushed it
She pushed it for a Sapper who was far, far, away.

CHORUS

Behind the door her father kept a shotgun
Her father kept a shotgun in the Merry Month of May
And if you asked her why the hell he kept it
He kept it for that Sapper who was far, far, away.

CHORUS

THE MAIDEN FAIR

A maiden she wrote a letter
And in it she did write
I'd sooner be f----d by a Sapper
Than my husband any night.

CHORUS

*With his great big kidney whipper
And his balls the size of three
With a yard and a half of foreskin
Hanging down below his knee*

*Hanging down swinging free oscillating
Merrily, with a yard and a half of
foreskin banging down below his knee.*

The Sapper mounted on a charger
The charger he did ride
His p---k lay on the horses back
With a ball on either side.

CHORUS

He rode into a manor. Into
the Manor he did ride
His p---k like a lasso
Looking for his bride.

CHORUS

PACK OF BASTARDS

We're a pack of bastards, bastards are we
We come from RAE a--holes of the earth
 (and all the universe)
We're a pack of bastards, bastards are we
We'd rather f--k than fight
For liberty!

THE SAPPERS SONG

Sung to the tune of Waltzing Matilda

Once a jolly sapper, camped by a billabong
Under the shade of a coolabah tree
And he sang as he threw a bridge across that billabong
Who'll join the ENGINEERS with me.

CHORUS

(Unit Number) is known as the devils own
And we are the boys of the RAE
And he sang as he threw a bridge across that billabong
Who'll join the engineers with me

That same jolly sapper was called in by the infantry
To do a job with some PE3
And he sang as he blew the ENEMY to BUGGERY
Who'll join the ENGINEERS with me.

CHORUS

What same jolly sapper put a sign 'round a minefield
"This one was built by the RAE"
And he sang as he caused confusion to the enemy
Who'll join the ENGINEERS with me.

CHORUS

That same jolly sapper was called in by the cavalry
To delouse some of the APC's
And he sang as he foiled the ENEMY TRICKERY
Who'll join the ENGINEERS with me.

CHORUS

That same jolly sapper took a trip to SYDNEY
To do a course with the SME
And he sang as he sat and was waited on in luxury
Who'll join the ENGINEERS with me.

CHORUS

Adapted from 13 FD SQN "THE SAPPERS SONG"

HANG DOWN YOUR HEAD, YOUNG SAPPER

This time tomorrow, reckon where I'll be,
Down in Trentham Forest,
Hanging from an old gum tree

Chorus

Hang down your head young Sapper,
Hang down your head and cry
By this time tomorrow night, boys
You'll wish that you could die.

Before you put your head down,
After you have dined,
There's nothing quite as satisfying
As a hip of Green Ginger Wine.

Chorus

Our Sergeant he does scream and shout
"We Will" is his name
Although he tries to get us up
His shouting is in vain.

Chorus

Corporals they are reckless cunts
They never know what to say
Although they shout and stamp their feet
Their leave is our big day.

Chorus

The boys in our troop are smart
They have learnt how to flit
Under the nearest gum tree
With a woman by the tit

Chorus

The boys in One Troop are the tops
They're always on their toes
They look so smart on big parades
And we annihilate our foes.

ENGINEERS ARE WE

Engineers! Engineers are we
up and at em all the time. Chasing the women and drinking the wine
Engineers! Engineers are we
We're the boys who make the noise in the Armeeee....!

THUMBS UP
WE'RE THE FIGHTING ENGINEERS

Some fellows fly the skies, others sail the sea
Our feet are on the ground, solid like an old oak tree.
To each his own, they say, and that's the way it ought to be!
For we are ENGINEERS forever. So sing along our song with me.

CHORUS

We're proud as hell that we are ENGINEERS!
We budge the rivers swift and wide.
We clear the way for tanks and infantry;
All obstacles we blast aside
We build the best damned roads to hell and back
The same for airfields far and near
We have no fears, so hear our cheers
WE'RE THE FIGHTIN' ENGINEERS!

(Repeat chorus and lead into -)

Our thumbs are up, by jolly, Yup
WE'RE THE FIGHTIN' ENGINEERS.

CAMPSITE BLUES

Sung to the tune of "A Pub with No Beer"

It's lonesome away, from the good sappers mess
By the campsite at night, where SAS gives us the shifts
But there's nothing more lonesome, and seldom more dear
Than to stand on the picket, of a camp with no beer.

The GRUNTS play their war games, and don't give a stuff
The RAEME go on but they've had enough
The TANKIES act queer, but that's nothing new
While the poor sapper suffers at a camp with no brew.

RENT A TROOP SONG

We are from Rent-a-troop
Good boys are we
We take a pride
In beer and quantity
We're not very partial
To greeting a court martial
For we are from Rent-a-troop.

CHORUS More piss, more piss, more piss, more piss
 Drink more piss!
 ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
 More piss, more piss, more piss, more piss
 Drink more piss!

Our Troop Officers
They are all fools
They take no notice
When we say "Down tools"
But it's all right when colonels
Enter in their journals
That we are from Rent-a-troop.

CHORUS

Our camps and weekends
They make us drool
We like our beer
As long as it's cool
We don't mind the weather
We're picking rocks as ever
For we are from Rent-a-troop.

CHORUS

Buil-ding fences
We really love
Because we're smart
We stick can in a glove
When it comes to a pit stop
We always take another drop
For we are from Rent-a-troop.

CHORUS

When it comes to rations
That's not for us
Give us chicken and claret
Or we'll make a fuss
We'll take a barby dinners
With us they're real winners
For we are from Rent-a-troop.

THE WOODPECKER

Ooooh, I put my finger in the woodpecker's hole
And the woodpecker said "God bless my soul!"
Take it out, take it out, take it out,
Remove it!

I removed my finger from the woodpecker's hole
And the woodpecker said "God bless my soul!"
Put it back, put it back, put it back
Replace it!

I replaced my finger in the woodpecker's hole
And the woodpecker said "God bless my soul!"
Turn it round, turn it round, turn it round
Rotate it!

I rotated my finger in the woodpecker's hole
And the woodpecker said "God bless my soul!"
Turn it back, turn it back, turn it back
Reverse it!

I reversed my finger in the woodpecker's hole
And the woodpecker said "God bless my soul!"
Slow it down, slow it down, slow it down
Retard it!

I retarded my finger in the woodpecker's hole
And the woodpecker said "God bless my soul!"
Smell it now, smell it now, smell it now
Revolt!

SIDE BY SIDE

We got married on Friday, the Vicar said "It was my day"
When the guests were all gone, we were along
Side by side.

We got ready for bed then, and I nearly dropped dead when
Her teeth and hair she placed on the chair
Side by side.

Then to my amazement, her glass eye so small
Her leg beside the bed
She placed on the chair by the wall
Oh me and my wife are parted
We never really got started
Cause I slept on the chair, there was more of her there
Side by side.

106 SQUADRON - MARCHING SONG

Good old 106 forever, we are on our way to fame,
Side by side we stick together, to uphold the Squadron's name,
Hear the Sereant Major's shouting and Major always sticks,
For the Wilson Shield's moral for the good old 106.

MY LATRINE

(to the tune of 'Begin the Beguine')

My job is to clean an Army latrine,
I am the man with the plan for the pan.
That everyone uses,
The paper's OK on both sides the news,
Is perfectly clean,
In my Latrine.

I scrub it by night,
I scrub it by day,
I keep it the way,
The way you'd expect it,
And when it gets high,
I just disinfect it,
You'll see what I mean in My Latrine.

I scrub it again at four in the morning,
My cobbles join in, and we polish the chair
And there we are scrubbing away for ever,
And wond'ring if ever
We'll get out that stain.
What moments divine, what raptures I've seen,
Then along comes the crowd to destroy the work I've created,
They just let fly, don't care where they place it,
You'll see what I mean in My Latrine.

If a man is a freak and must leak in a creek, make him pay,
I've place pots for the clots to take shots in every direction,
I've even tapered each base so's each face can establish connection,
But it all goes unseen,
In My Latrine.

No they won't keep it clean,
That BLOODY Latrine,
'Tho the sides are all neat and complete underneath wooden ledges,
But they still keep it wet like an Artists pallet, 'round the edges,
But I stand aloof, they can't hit the roof,
That's the one place that's clean,
In My Latrine.

MICE OF MORESBY

Whether Rats of Tobruk
Or merely Moresby Mice
We have had a taste of fighting
And of hardship, once or twice.

We have hugged the earth for cover
With the bombers overhead,
And have felt the bombs exploding,
Heard the swish of flying lead.

And we've dived into the trenches
With our last remaining breath
Just a fraction of a second
Ahead of fire and din and death.

We have toiled and sworn and sweated
In the torrid tropic heat,
And we've longed for many comforts
And fresh food that we could eat.

But we'll gnaw our way to freedom
And we'll nibble at the scum,
Till we drive them back to Nippon
Or to hell, where they belong.

And when they've learned their lesson
There's no doubt these foreign lice
Will remember Rats of old Tobruk
And Moresby's fighting Mice!

INVERERY INN

Now I went down to Inverery just to spend a holiday
Believe me it is such a lovely place
The air in that direction has such a nice reception
It brings a nice complexion to your face.
One day while out a-fishing, a terrible storm arose
Believe me it did take me by surprise,
It came down with such a pelter, I was forced to run for shelter
And I found that at the outside of the INN.

CHORUS...For it's a Grand Wee INN the Inverery INN,
A nicer INN I've never been in before,
There's a Brau Lassie at the Inverery INN,
A Bonnie Bonnie Lassie I adore.
She's Simply Wonderful, "marvellous"
The Barmaid at the INN of Inverery,
And on the 24th of June, I'll be on my Honey moon,
With the Barmaid at the INN of Inverery.

I parted with my dearie on the Inverery shore,
I kissed her 'til the tears ran down her cheek
I said don't you cry my dearie
You won't have to be weary
I'll write you lovin' letters every week.
She gave to me a locket & I'll treasure it with care
Although the outside's only made of tin
There's a picture of my dearie
She is the sweetest lady
It was take at the outside of the INN.

CHORUS...

TROPICAL LAMENT

Underneath the Subway by the Brothel Gate
Darling I remember the way we used to wait
There in the motley nightly queue
To have a few, O one or two
With Lilly of the Lamplight
Our own Lilly Marline

Now the axe has fallen, what a bitter blow
Can't you hear them Bawlin'
Down the Rue de Poe (street in Perth WA)
Ladies who made a lovely cop
Two quid a pop, it had to stop
Poor Lilly of the Lamplight
They've sacked Lilly Marline.

What a caddish action, Curse the coppers' sauce
Sexual satisfaction, denied by legal force
Pity the Plight of yonder pro'
Deprived of dough, No-where to go
Poor Lilly of the Lamplight
Poor Old Lilly Marline.

What a stupid blunder. Can it be a fact
It was fashioned under the Unfair Trading Act
Shouldn't be hard, we think to show
?
My Lilly of the Lamplight
My own Lilly Marline.

Underneath the Subway, nothing now remains
Only ruined Shacks with old decaying drains
Gone is our Lilly Poor Old Soul
She's selling coal, or on the dole,
Old Lilly of the Lamplight
Our Old Lilly Marline.

THE BARMAIDS GOT GONOREA

It's a bastard away from the women and all
With a pain in the guts from great lovers balls
But there's nothing so morbid so awful or drear
As to Knock off a barmaid who's got gonorea.

The publican aches for the chemist to come
For he's been looking with lust at Nelly's Big Bum
He's longing to give her a belt up the back
But without a french letter he might get the Jack.

The Stockman rides in with a masterly stride
He rips off her pants and he mounts for a ride
But the smile on his face quickly turns to a sneer
When the barmaid informs him, she's got gonorea.

The Swaggie walks in all covered with dust and flies
Says give me a poke or I'll shoot in your eye
The Stockman jumps up - shouts don't do it mate
But the Swaggie informs him its too bloody late.

The dog on the veranda still suffering from shock
He's just seen the size of old Billie's cock
As he hides in the corner and shivers in fear
Billie's bound to root something I'm shipping from here.

It's a bastard away from the women and all
With a pain in the guts from great lovers balls
But there's nothing so morbid so awful or drear,
As to knock off a Barmaid who's got gonorea.

ENGINEERS PRAYER

We lay down all their rolling roads
 And cut down all their trees,
And if the order ever came
 We'd forge the raging seas.
Whenever they want to sleep awhile
 We put them up a town,
And we build the blasted bridges
 So the infantry won't drown.
We get them over the rivers
 And across the mountain streams,
Do everything but tuck them in
 And wish them pleasant dreams.
And when the going gets really tough
 And shells burst in the ears,
A whole division's apt to pray,

"GOD, SEND FOUR ENGINEERS!"

SAPPERS

When the waters were dried and earth did appear,
("It's all one" says the sapper)
The Lord he created the Engineer,
His Majesty's Royal Engineer,
With the rank and pay of a sapper.

When the flood came along for an extra monsoon,
'Twas Noah constructed the first pontoon,
To the plans of Her Majesty's Engineers,
With the rank and pay of a sapper.

When the Tower-o-Babel had mixed up men's bat,
Some clever civilian was managing that,
An' none of Her Majesty's Engineers,
Her Majesty's Royal Engineers,
With the rank and the pay of a sapper.

When the Children of Israel made bricks without straw,
They were learning the regular work of our Corps,
The work of Her Majesty's Engineers,
Her Majesty's Engineers,
With the rank and the pay of a sapper.

For ever since then, if a was they would wage,
Behold us a-shinin' on history's page,
First page for Her Majesty's Engineers,
Her Majesty's Royal Engineers,
With the rank and the pay of a sapper.

We lay down their sidings an' help 'entrain,
An' we sweep up their mess through the Bloomin' campaign,
In style of Her Majesty's Engineers,
Her Majesty's Royal Engineers,
With the rank and the pay of a sapper.

They send us in from with a fuse an' a mine,
To blow up the gates that are rushed by the line,
But beat by Her Majesty's Engineers,
With the rank and the pay of a sapper.

They send us behind with a pick and a spade,
To dig for the guns of a bullock - brigade,
Which has asked for Her Majesty's Engineers,
Her Majesty's Royal Engineers,
With the rank and pay of a sapper.

We work under escort in trousers and shirt,
An' the heathen they plug us tail-up in the dirt,
Annoying Her Majesty's Engineers,
With the rank and the pay of a sapper.

We blast out the rock and we shovel the mud,
We make 'em goods roads an' they roll down the khud,
Reporting Her Majesty's Engineers,
Her Majesty's Royal Engineers,
With the rank and pay of a sapper.

We make 'em their bridges, their walls, and the huts,
An' the telegraph wire the enemy cuts,
An its blamed on Her Majesty's Engineers,
Her Majesty's Royal Engineers,
With the rank and pay of a sapper.

We build 'em nice barracks, then hear they are bad,
That our Colonels are Methodists, married or mad,
Insultin' Her Majesty's Engineers,
With the rank and the pay of a sapper.

I have stated it plain, an' my arguments thus,
("It's all one says the sapper"),
There's only one Corps which is perfect - that's us,
An' they call us Her Majesty's Engineers,
Her Majesty's Royal Engineers,
With the rank and pay of a sapper.

Rudyard Kipling
(1865-1936)

POEMS BY "PINTO"

1. The following items are the work of the late SGT J. Peate, a Queenslander who also was an original member of the 101 Army Troops Coy, RAE (A.I.F.) and who served throughout the units participation in the New Guinea campaign from 1941 to 1944. He used the pen-name "Pinto" and his poetic contributions were featured from time to time in the "Moresby Army News Sheet" and "Guinea Gold" newspaper then current!
2. The attached items were submitted in July 1974 by the Secretary of the 101 Army Troops Coy, RAE (A.I.F.) Association, Mr Anthony Woolley with the approval of the Association Executive Committee and presented to the RAE Corps Museum for inclusion in the Archives and whatever other purpose that authority may deem fitting.

"A SIMPLE LETTER"

Though it's only a simple letter
Maybe penned by a female hand,
It gladdens the heart of a soldier
As he fights in a foreign land.

Bringing joy, where before there was sorrow,
Relief where of yore there was pain.
It restores his faith in the future
And makes him contented again.

Little lady in some great city
As she writes how her heart will yearn.
Little wife, little son, little daughter
All will long for their man to return.

Far away in the heart of a jungle,
Maybe scorched by the hot desert sands.
Separated by seas from their homeland,
That great bond of affection still stands.

"MILLIE AND ME"

("Millie", an impressed ex-civilian Morris-Commercial 1-tonner of doubtful vintage was a familiar sight on Moresby's roads during the early days of the New Guinea campaign, as was also "Me" who was her regular driver SGT Ted Lawrence of 101 Army Troops Coy, RAE)

We go chugging along the highway
Just as happy as can be.
And we don't give a damn if we get in a jam,
Just the rations and "Millie" and Me.

There's potholes along the roadway,
It's the same as being at sea.
But what do we care, we've just got to get there,
With the rations - and "Millie" and Me.

We arrive at our destination
And unload the bacon and tea.
Then back home we both go - hail, dust, heat or snow,
Minus rations - just "Millie" and Me.

Then "Millie goes back to her "garage"
(For she sleeps out under a tree),
She only eats as she goes, so I leave her repose,
And to bed goes - "Millie" - but Me!

"TELL AUSTRALIA WE ARE WAITING"

Tell Australia we are waiting
For the day when we return,
Tell her true, that in the meanwhile
Just for her our hearts will yearn.

Though at times we're tired and weary
Of the bloodshed and the strife,
We will stand fast to defend her
With our wits, our strength, our life;

Though the sky be dark and stormy
As the war clouds gather new,
We will fight, and keep on fighting,
Till the sun once more shines through.

When at last this war is over
In her heart she'll find a place
For the lads who helped defend her
From a hungry, hostile race!

"LAWRANCE FROM LIGHTNING RIDGE"

(Concerning a cook stricken with dysentery and subsequently evacuated to the special Medical Centre at Lower Levels [Owen Stanley Range])

When the great World War is over,
And things have settled down,
They'll be giving out the medals
To the lads who won renown.
And among them will be Lawrance,
Just a lad from Lightning Ridge,
Though he never fought with us for freedom,
Or he never held a bridge.
But he fought with us for freedom,
And, like us, he did his bit.
Even though his a-e was burning,
And his shorts were full of sh--!
When they helped him from his kitchen
We could faintly hear him say,
"Send my pants straight home to mother,
I need clean ones ev'ry day".
Then they took him from among us,
And we watched him go away,
On his legs were strains of yellow
And his face was drawn and grey.
He went up among the heroes
Where the aim is pure and cold,
And where every piece of paper
Is more valuable than gold.
And they marked him down "FOR VALOR"
In that hut upon the hill.
If the doctors haven't stopped him
Then maybe he's running still!

"SLOW MUSIC, PLEASE"

A soldier sat within the tent,
Another sat on the floor.
And one was old, with greying hair,
He'd been to war before.
The other was a lad depressed
And it was plain to see,
He longed to be back with his folk
At home - across the sea!
The old man shook his greying head,
For he could understand;
Had it not been just the same
When he'd first left his native land.
They sat in silence for a while,
Then the old man on the bed
Turned to his young companion,
And this is what he said -
"It takes all kinds to make a world,
Some live for wealth and fame.
Some merely live from day to day
And get there just the same!
Some leave their homes to go abroad,
This great big world to see.
But where I am, then I am home,
It's all the same to me!
Some growl when things start getting tough,
But I don't seem to mind,
Though I've had tough breaks like other folks
I've found life not unkind.
Some yearn for what they might have had
Or what they might have been,
But me - well, I'm just satisfied
With every changing scene!

From day to day, be it as it may
We have our job to do,
And be it great or be it small
It's for me - and you - to do.
So with a grin, lift up your chin
And take it on the jaw.
It isn't really hard that way
And you'll soon be wanting more!"

"BOMB HAPPY"

We are the bomb-happy children
Who play round the drome everyday.
We delight in repairing the airstrip
Or help at constructing a "bay".

As we dive in and out of slit-trenches
Our officers think it's a shame,
But they don't understand that it's only
Just a part of our bomb-happy game!

"IN A HIDEOUT - IN A DUGOUT - ON A HILL!"

As we watch the planes appearing
We're aware the Nips are nearing,
And we think it's time for us to make a dash.
So like any ardent lover,
We hug mother-earth for cover
As in the trench we start to crowd - then "CRASH"!

We can hear the bombs exploding
And our stomachs start corroding,
Up and down the spine there runs a little thrill.
And we curse the fates that made us
Soldiers, so that the Japs could raid us
In a hideout, in a dugout, on a hill!

Lying flat upon the tummy,
Thinking hard of home and "mummy"
We start guessing where the next one's going to drop.
When we hear the detonations,
And our hearts get palpitations
And we wonder if it's ever going to stop!

When the planes have ceased to hover
Then we know the raid is over,
And we're free to go about our work- until
A further flight of "yellow-bellies"
Turns our stomachs into jellies,
In a hideout, in a dugout on a hill.

When at last this great war ceases
(If we're not all blown to pieces)
We'll go home and have a long and peaceful rest.
We will build a little humpy,
With a bed that's soft - not lumpy,
Eat fresh food and spend our money with the best.

Some of us will no doubt marry,
Maybe have a kid to carry,
Out of life we all will get a mighty thrill.
But just so's we won't be lonely,
We will have them dig one only -
Little hideout, in a dugout, on a hill!

"THE BATTLE OF HENFRUIT"

(A humorous account of a "dust-up" between two cooks)

All was quiet on the Eastern sector,
All was quiet on the Western front
Till one of the cooks got playful,
And the other cook gave a grunt.
No one knew how it started
But pastry flew through the air,
And eggs seemed to hover a little
And settle right into our hair!
Retreating to safer positions
We stood by, with arms at the slope,
For to cover our faces with elbows
Was safer and our only hope.
And then came a lull in the battle
And a horrible sight we saw,
The chief-cook was covered with batter
And the other cook's belly was raw.
We advanced just inside of the kitchen
As the armistice was declared,
And wiped all the batter from Lawrence
As Talbot relinquished his beard.
And that was the "Battle of Henfruit"
It lasted for only a while.
We received no "alert" when it started
And it beat other raids by a s-mile!

(This fracas took place in the kitchen of the SGT's Mess at John's Gully, Port Moresby about mid 1942)

THE SAPPER OF OZ

They sit in the sun in the evening, old friends from way back then,
The talk would be of the old days, and their hearts would pound and yen,
They're sitting around in the twilight, just yarning and sipping a beer,
And all the while they are dreaming, of their time in the Engineers.

But it's the old generation that is sinking, under Australian skies,
Tho' there's still the light of adventure, deep in the rheumy eyes,
They think no of the clerks and the tellers, or other travail of the years,
But of all the things they did then, in their time in the Engineers.

He was born a Plant Operator, in the dustbowl of wasteland and loss,
And while moving the crust of a nation, he was flying the old Southern Cross,
Through breathing the dust of the ages, and loving the glass of good cheer,
For it was hot work, and hard, as a plantie, in his time in the Engineers.

Ah! Well he may have been Field, a lad who was lath strong and true,
Ever dreaming of great deeds and contention, and always of something new,
With his brains unsullied by training, he's quick where reason appears,
Yep! He was always thinking and doing, in his time in the Engineers.

Some long for the sound of an engine, the gears and the whirring of wheels,
The thump of a mighty old diesel, and the smell of the hot oily steel,
At the thought of all of those memories, the old eyes grow misty with tears,
And all the time they are dreaming, of their time in the Engineers.

Then the handler's memories will quicken, at the sight of a well trained dog,
And the mines and explosives they garnered, from wasteland, jungle and bog,
But that old pup was a mate then, and one who allayed all the fears
Of the fellow just sitting and dreaming, of his time in the Engineers.

Their eyes uplift to the skyline, where a bridge is standing today,
They hear again the sound of a hammer, as each bay is thumped into bay,
They see the bridge family increasing, and new lots coming he hears,
But they're not like the Baileys they had then, in his time in the Engineers.

It's time to get to his feet now, the sun has gone down and it's cold,
But it's good to look back on the old days, at youth at once strong and bold.
To all of the mates that he made them, and meets them down through the years,
He remembers the ones that he knew then, in his time in the Engineers.

Spr

THE PURPLE PATCH

You can talk about your Navy, and your Mercantile Marine,
And your Air Force in their uniforms so dapper,
But when it comes to real hard work, the finest men 've seen
Is that sweatin', swearin', bloke they call the Sapper.

Who is it who tears the wire down before the troops attack?
Who goes ahead and blows the minefield clear?
Who fills the blasted tank traps in, and builds the tanks a track?
Why that browlin' cursin' cove, the engineer.

And when it comes to diggin' in, who falls for all the work?
Diggin' trenches just like trenches ought to be?
Fillin' sandbags, buildin' dugouts? Why, there's not a job they shirk,
Those pick and shovel artists - the RAE.

And when the Army's in retreat, and things are goin' wrong,
Who blows the roads and bridges in the rear?
Who carries out the toughest jobs with grin and joke and song?
Why that grimy, dusty, hard working engineer.

And when they're back in camp again to have a well earned spell
Who is it mops up all the Canteen beer?
Who goes adrift, paints the cities red, and kicks up merry hell?
Why the cheerful, lively lad, the engineer.

And when at last those war clouds pass, and all the turmoil's ceased,
You'll be thankful for our watchdog of the sea,
And our Army and our Airforce too, and last but not the least
Are that fightin' bunch of toughs - the RAE.

unknown

Author

WWII

Traditional

The Solider

It is the solider, not the reporter,
Who has given us freedom of the press

It is the solider, not the poet,
Who has given us freedom of speech.

It is the solider, not the campus organiser,
Who has given us the freedom to demonstrate.

It is the solider, not the lawyer,
Who has given us the right to a fair trial.

It is the solider, like ANZAC, who salutes
The flag, who serves under the flag,
And whose coffin is draped by the flag,
Who allows the protester to burn the flag.

ANZAC

Kenneth G. Kirkpatric

The Birth of the Australian Army

"In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth and the Infantry, and God saw the Infantry and indeed it was very good.

And God spoke upon the Infantry,

"Be tactical and proficient, rule the earth and subdue it, and have dominion over the fish of the sea and over the birds of the air, and over all key terrain".

And it came to pass that the Infantry called upon their God; "O Lord, help us we are weary".

And the Lord took mercy upon them, for key terrain was abundant throughout the land.

And he raised up the weakest of the Infantry and set them upon beasts of burden and called them armour.

And God saw the armour and indeed it was mediocre.

And the Infantry and the Armour dwelt in the land therein.

But it came to pass that the Infantry again called upon their God; "O Lord, help us for we are weary".

And the Lord heard their words and looked with favour upon the Infantry, for they were truly blessed.

The lord reached among their number and chose those with bums like baseplates and mouths that ranted and raved, and called these Artillery.

And God saw the Artillery and indeed, it too was mediocre.

And the Infantry and the armour and artillery dwelt in the land therein.

But it came to pass the Infantry again called upon their God; "O lord, help us, for we are weary".

And again the Lord heard their voices and stretched out his hands and touched those of the

Armour and Artillery of small mind and called these Ordnance and Signals and Pay corps.

He stretched out his hands again and touched those of lengthen arms, hunched back and excessive hair growth and called them Military Police.

And he touched those with light heads and called them aviators,

And those which were filled with greed and called these quartermasters,

And those which were sickly and called these medics,

And those who hid themselves in darkness and called these intelligence,

And those who wallowed in mud and called these engineers.

And God saw all these that he touched and knew that they were touched.

And the Infantry and the others dwelt in the land therein.

But it came to pass that the Infantry again called out; "O Lord, help us, for we are weary".

And the lord looked upon the Infantry with anger, and the heavens roared with thunder, and the skies burned with fire.

And God spoke to the Infantry, "How couldst thou yet be weary? I have given thee Armour and artillery and a host of others to support thee".

And the Infantry humbled themselves before the Lord and answered, "O Lord, it is of them that we weary!"

And the Lord smiled upon the Infantry, and forgave them, for he understood that of which they spoke.

FOR THEY WERE INFANTRY, BY GOD!

The Airborne Ranger March (Submitted by bluereign@wnol.net)

I was walking down the street one day
When I met a perfect stranger
Who said that he was on his way?
To become a Ranger

Chorus:

Airborne (drawn out from high to low)
Ranger (drawn out from low to high)

The Rangers are a moving
They're moving through the night
The Rangers are a looking
They're looking for a fight

Charlie is a moving
Moving through the night
Charlie, Charlie
He thinks that he can fight

But up from behind him
A Ranger standing tall
A Slits Charlie's throat
And watches that Charlie fall

Chorus:

Or you can say: (Submitted by Spc Ositis)
Here's a little story,
A story should be told.
About an M1 Tanker
His name was Tanker Joe.

His home was in Kentucky.
The Land that God Forgot
The mud was 18 inches thick
The sun was blazin' hot.

Or you can say: (Submitted by Cadet Pvt Robert Lechner)
Deep in the battlefield, covered in blood,
Lies and Airborne Ranger, dying in the mud.
He fought for his country, and died like a man.
Tho' some people back home just wouldn't understand.

Chorus:

Back at home a young wife waits,
Unaware that her Ranger has finally met his fate.
Her little boy's cryin' as she tucks him into bed,
Although no one's told him, he knows his daddy's dead.

Chorus:

The boy grew up with a certain kind of shame,
His father was buried in a tomb with no name.
He finally got his chance when the country went to war,
He went to enlist just to even up the score.

Chorus:

After seven months training, he finally saw the day,
Out of 93 men, he got his Green Beret.
As he stood there, looking at the big cheering crowd,
He knows deep inside he'll make his daddy proud.

Chorus:

Or you can say: (Submitted by C/Amn Marc Eichler)

I hear the choppers coming,
They're flying overhead.
They've come to get the wounded,
They've come to get the dead.

Chorus:

My buddy's in a foxhole,
A bullet in his head,
The Army says he's living,
But I know that he's dead

Chorus:

I ran to tell the CO
About my buddy's head
But when I got there,
The CO was dead

Chorus:

And now the battle's over,
And smoke is all around.
We wanted to go home,
But we're six feet underground.

Chorus:

Or you can say: (Submitted by Eric Vas Conselles)

I went to wake the Captain,
I found him in his bed,
And when I rolled him over,
I found he had no head.

Chorus:

Walking through the jungle,
I thought I heard a snap,
I prayed to God almighty, it wasn't a booby trap.

Chorus:

I went to wake the sergeant,
I found him in his bed,
And when I rolled him over,
I found out he was dead.

Chorus:

My buddy's in my fox hole,
A bullet in his head,
The medic says he's wounded,
But I know he's dead.

Chorus:

Sitting in my foxhole,
Sharpening my knife,
An Iraqi came on over,
I had to take his life.

Chorus:

My buddy's in my foxhole,
Talking about his wife,
A grenade came on over,
And took my buddy's life.

Airborne Ranger where have you been ? (Submitted by Tom Bernard)

Airborne Ranger, Airborne Ranger where have you been?
Around the world and back again!
Airborne Ranger, Airborne Ranger how did you go?
A C-130 flying low!

Airborne Ranger, Airborne Ranger what did you do?
I killed some commies for me and you!
Airborne Ranger, Airborne Ranger how'd you get back?
A black and gold body sack!

A Pretty Girl (Submitted by Jerry Glass)

My Girl's a pretty girl
She is a Kentucky girl.
She got a pretty face
She'll stop a freight train in place.

The Berets

Who's the man in the red beret?
Makes his livin' in the sky they say,
Airborne leads the way,
To make a brighter day.

Who's the man in the black beret?
Makes his livin' in the woods they say,
Ranger leads the way,
To make a brighter day.

Who's the man in the Green Beret?
Makes his livin' in a special way,
Special Forces Leads the way,
To make a brighter day! (Repeat two more times)

Blood on the Risers (Submitted by Jesse Cazaux)

(Tune: Glory, Glory, Hallelujah)

He was just a rookie trooper,
And he surely shook with fright.
As he checked all his equipment
And made sure his pack was tight.

"Is everybody happy?" cried the sergeant, looking up,
Our hero feebly answered "Yes", and then they stood him up
He leaped right out into the blast, his static line unhooked,
HE AIN'T GONNA JUMP NO MORE

Chorus:

He counted long, he counted loud, he waited for the shock
He felt the wind, he felt the clouds, he felt the awful drop,
He jerked his cord, the silk spilled out and wrapped around his legs
HE AIN'T GONNA JUMP NO MORE

Chorus:

The risers wrapped around his neck, connectors cracked his dome
The lines were snarled and tied in knots around his skinny bones
The canopy became his shroud; he hurtled to the ground,
HE AIN'T GONNA JUMP NO MORE

Chorus:

The days he's lived and loved and laughed kept running through his mind,
He thought about his girl back home, the one he left behind,
He thought about the medics and he wondered what they'd find,
HE AIN'T GONNA JUMP NO MORE

Chorus:

The ambulance was on the spot; the jeeps were running wild,
The medics jumped and screamed with glee, they rolled their sleeves and smiled
For it had been a week or more since last a 'chute had failed
HE AIN'T GONNA JUMP NO MORE

Chorus:

He hit the ground, the sound was "SPLATT", his blood went spurting high
His comrades then were heard to say "A Helluva way to Die!"
He lay there rolling 'round in the welter of his gore
HE AIN'T GONNA JUMP NO MORE

Chorus:

There was blood upon the risers, there were brains upon his 'chute
Intestines were a dangling from his Paratrooper boots,
They picked him up, still in his 'chute and poured him from his boots.
HE AIN'T GONNA JUMP NO MORE

Chorus:

Gory, Gory, What a Helluva Way to Die!
With a Rifle on your Back and you're Falling Through the Sky!
Gory, Gory, What a Helluva Way to Die!
And HE AIN'T GONNA JUMP NO MORE!

This version was sent to me by a Brit: radhairc@scurtis.demon.co.uk

*Johnny was a Paratrooper in the RAF,
Johnny was a Paratrooper in the RAF,
Johnny was a Paratrooper in the RAF,
And he ain't gonna jump no more!*

Chorus:

*Glory, Glory, what a terrible way to die,
You've jumped without a parachute and you don't know how to fly.
Glory, Glory, what a terrible way to die,
And he ain't gonna jump no more!*

(I have also heard this sung as a Chorus:)
Glory, Glory, what a terrible way to die,
With a bullet up your arse and a bullet in your eye.
Glory, Glory, what a terrible way to die,
And he ain't gonna jump no more!

He landed on the railway like a blob of strawberry jam,
He landed on the railway like a blob of strawberry jam,
He landed on the railway like a blob of strawberry jam,
And he ain't gonna jump no more!

Chorus:

They scraped him off the railway and they sent him to Mum,
They scraped him off the railway and they sent him to Mum,
They scraped him off the railway and they sent him to Mum,

And he ain't gonna jump no more!

Chorus:

She put him on the mantelpiece for everyone to see,
She put him on the mantelpiece for everyone to see,
She put him on the mantelpiece for everyone to see,
And he ain't gonna jump no more!

Chorus:

She put him on the table when the Vicar came to tea,
She put him on the table when the Vicar came to tea,
She put him on the table when the Vicar came to tea,
And he ain't gonna jump no more!

Chorus:

Can't Touch This

We are First Platoon!
And we like to party!
Party Hearty!
Party hearty all night long!
Formation only: Your left, your left, your left right get on down!
Your left, your left, your left right get on down!
Now drop! DISMOUNT and beat your face!
First Platoon is gonna rock this place!
BOOM!
Check it out. Check it out.
BOOM!
Check it out. Check it out.

BOOM!
Can't touch this!

Can't You See (Submitted by Mike Dean)

*Mama, Mama can't you see?
O, what the navy's done to me...
They sat me down in the chair,
When I looked, I had no hair*

*O, Mama, Mama can't you see??
O what that CO done to me...
He made me march real far...
Then he passed me in his car*

*Mama, Mama can't ya see???
O, what that Navy done to me....
I used to drive a Chevrolet,
But now I march around all day*

*Mama, Mama can't you see?
O, what the Navy done to me??
I used to drive a Cadillac...
Now I carry one on my back...*

Verse for those Marines:

*Mama, Mama can't you see?!?!?!?
What the Marines done to me?!
After I passed the really hard test...
They stuck a ribbon in my chest.*

*Alternate lines by Darren Perlongo
Mama, Mama Can't you see?
What Marine ROTCs done for me.
I'm walkin' tall and feeling good,
I'm doing things I never thought I could.
Some people talk about us behind our backs,
But we'll beat 'em all on the PT track.
We love to show the world what we can do,
We can do it and so can you.*

Captain Jack (Submitted by [Brian Edward Gillespie](#))

*Hey, hey Captain Jack
Meet me down by the railroad track
With that rifle in my hand*

*I'm gonna be a shootin' man
A shootin' man
The best I can
For Uncle Sam*

*Hey, hey Captain Jack
Meet me down by the railroad track
With that knife in my hand
I'm gonna be a cuttin' man
A cuttin' man
A shootin' man
The best I can
For Uncle Sam*

*Hey, hey Captain Jack
Meet me down by the railroad track
With that grenade in my hand
I'm gonna be a killin' man
A killin' man
A cuttin' man
A shootin' man
The best I can
For Uncle Sam*

*Hey, hey Captain Jack
Meet me down by the railroad track
With that bottle in my hand
I'm gonna be a drinkin' man
A drinkin' man
A killin' man
A cuttin' man
A shootin' man
The best I can
For Uncle Sam*

*Hey, hey Captain Jack
Meet me down by the railroad track
With that book in my hand
I'm gonna be a studyin' man
A studyin' man
A drinkin' man
A killin' man
A cuttin' man
A shootin' man
The best I can
For Uncle Sam*

Count Cadence

This one takes practice, but can shake the earth if done right

Caller: Count cadence, delay cadence, count cadence, count!
Formation: Simultaneously with the caller, slowing drowning him out
Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh! You know we can't count!
ONE!

The formation now shouts its line directly after the caller

Caller: Bradley Gunner!
Formation: TWO!
Caller: You better do your best!
Formation: THREE!
Caller: Before a HEAT round!
Formation: FOUR!
Caller: Slams into your chest!

Formation: ONE!
Caller: Hit it!
Formation: TWO!
Caller: Hit it!
Formation: THREE!
Caller: Hit it!
Formation: FOUR! ONE TWO THREE FOUR! ONE TWO THREE FOUR!
We like it here we love it here we've finally found a home!

Caller: A what?
Formation: A home!
Caller: A what?
Formation: A home!
Caller: A what?
Formation: A home away from home! HOOAH!
From a CAP Cadet C/SSGT Nicole Hutches. If you need to do so, replace "Coke" with "Beer".

Skip cadence, coke cadence, delay cadence, count!
C
In a bottle
O
In a can
K
Wish I had one
E
In my hand!
C
Drink it!
O
Slam it!
K
Chug it!
E
Jug it!
C-O-K-E, C-O-K-E, a coke, a coke, and icy cold coke, ch, ahhhh**

Note: At the "ch, ahhhh" part the formation pretends that they are opening a can. Then tip their heads back like they are drinking it. I'm pretty sure that (Army) FM 22-5 prohibits doing that. So don't do it if anyone important is watching.

This is another play on Count Cadence sent in by Kevin Walter

Count cadence, Ugly cadence, count cadence, count

FORMATION: U

CALLER: For your mama

FOR: G

CALL: For your daddy too

FOR: L

CALL: For your girlfriend

FOR: Y

CALL: Cause she's ugly too (Or: Hell I don't know why)

FOR: U

CALL: Hit it

FOR: G

CALL: Hit it

FOR: L

CALL: Hit it

FOR: Y

ALL: U-G-L-Y U-G-L-Y. You're ugly! You're ugly! Your mama says you're ugly. HOOAH!!!

The Colors (Submitted by Mike Dean)

*Marine Corps colors,
Colors of red,
To show the world....
The blood they shed!!*

*Chorus:
You're left right leo,
You're left right left,
You're left right leo,
Now keep it in step...*

*Air Force colors,
Colors of blue,
To show the world....
What they can do!!*

Chorus:

*Army colors,
Colors of green,
To show the world...
That they are mean!!*

Chorus:

*Navy colors,
Colors of white,
To show the world...
That they can fight!!*

Chorus:

Here is another one by: Marissa Garland

*Air Force colors
The color is green
Show the world
The wars we've seen*

*Air Force Colors
The color is brown
Show the world
We wont back down*

*Air Force colors
The color is black
Show the world
We'll fight back*

*Air Force colors
The color is gold
Show the world
That we are bold*

*Air Force colors
The color is red
Show the world
The blood we've shed*

*Air Force colors
The color is white
Show the world
All our might*

*Air Force colors
The color is blue
Show the world
We are true*

*Air Force colors
The color is me
Show the world
That we are Free*

*Air Force colors
The color is you
Show the world
That they can too.*

*Air Force colors
Red, white, and blue
Show the world
We'll die for you.*

Here is another one by: Jason Morgan

*First there came
The color red
To show the world
The blood we shed*

*Then there came
The color gold
To show the world
That we were bold*

*Next there came
The color blue
To show the world
That we were true*

*Last there was
The color green
To show the world
That we were mean*

*Semper Fi
Ouh-rah
Do, or Die
Ouh-rah*

The Drunken Soldier (Submitted by Jennifer Medrano)

*I'm a Navy recon Ranger with a Green Beret.
I'll fly your submarine any day.
The Privates say I had too much beer.
But they don't know cause they weren't there.
The Corporals say I had too much wine.
But I think I'm doin' just fine.
Sergeants think I had too much Jack,
But now he'll never get his girl back.
First Sergeant thinks I had too much scotch.
He's about to get a boot in the crotch.*

*The Captain thinks I had too much rum.
He doesn't know he's a lousy bum.
The Major thinks I had too much gin.
When he doesn't even know where he's been.
The Colonel thinks I had too much tequila.
Maybe I shouldn't have had that last margarita.
Tell the MPs that I'm not drunk.
How did all those bottles get in my trunk?*

Everywhere We Go (Submitted by Jeremiah Chicca)

*Every where we go.
People want to know.
Who we are.
So, we tell them.*

*We're not the Army.
The back packin' Army.
We're not the Air Force.
The high flyin' Air Force.*

*We're not Coast Guard.
They don't even work hard.
We're not the Marines.
They don't even look mean.*

*We are the Navy.
The mighty US Navy.
The world's finest Navy.
Huh-yah!*

Note: You can substitute Navy with:

*We are the Seabees.
The Buidin Fightin' Seabees.
The mighty Navy Seabees
Huh-yah!*

Follow Me!

*OH! Soldier!
Combat soldier!
Pick up your weapon and follow me!
I am Mechanised Infantry*

*Hey there Airborne!
Head in the clouds Airborne!*

*Wrap up your 'chute and follow me!
I am Mechanised Infantry!*

*Hey their Air Assault!
Rotor head Air Assault!
Pick up your rope and follow me!
I am Mechanised Infantry!*

*Hey their Light Fight!
Freeze at night Light Fight!
Strap on your boots and follow me!
I am Mechanised Infantry!*

*Hey Marine Corps!
Bullet sponge Marine Corps!
Pick up your rifle and follow me!
I am Mechanised Infantry!*

*Hey their Navy!
Water logged navy!
Jump in your sub and follow me!
I am Mechanised Infantry*

*Hey their Air Force!
Don't shoot! I'm friendly Air Force!
Hop in your plane and follow me!
I am Mechanised Infantry!*

*Oh Soldier!
Combat Soldier!
Jump in your track and follow me!
I am Mechanised Infantry!*

Alternate Lyrics (Submitted by John Floyd)

*75TH
Patch on my shoulder
Pick up your weapon and follow me
Ranger infantry*

*82nd patch on my shoulder
Pick up your weapon and follow me
Airborne infantry*

*1-0-1 patch on my shoulder
Pick up our weapon and follow me
Air assault infantry*

Big red 1

*Patch on my shoulder
Pick up your weapon and follow me
Mechanised infantry*

More Alternate Lyrics (Submitted by Brian Edward Gillespie)

*R-O-T-C
Patch on my shoulder
Pick up your book and follow me
We're going to a frat party*

GI Joe

*When I was just a little boy,
mama bought me a brand new toy,
it was a GI Joe!
Combat gear from head to toe.*

*Then I turned eighteen.
I headed down to Fort Benning,
To be a GI Joe,
with Combat gear from head to toe.*

*They took away my favourite jeans,
and handed me some Army greens.
To be a GI Joe,
with combat gear from head to toe.*

*They took away my favourite shoes,
and handed me some Army boots.
To be a GI Joe.
Combat Gear from head to toe.*

*For females
I used to date a quarterback.
Now I hump it on my back.
Cause I'm a GI Joe
Combat gear from head to toe.*

*Now I march all day.
Cause I'm told that's the Army way.
Cause I'm a GI Joe.
Combat Gear from head to toe.*

Lady In Lace (Submitted by TMucker@aol.com)

*She's the lady in lace
She makes her living, on her face
She's the lady in lace
She makes her living, on her face
She's a magazine model
And she does it, all the time*

*She's the lady in black
She makes her living, on her back
She's the lady in black
She makes her living, on her back
She's a car mechanic
And she does it, all the time*

*She's the lady in red
She makes her living, on her bed
She's the lady in red
She makes her living, on her bed
She's a mattress tester
And she does it, all the time*

*She's the lady in green
She makes her living, being mean
She's the lady in green
She makes her living, being mean
She's an Army Captain
And she does, all the time*

*She's the lady in blue
And she'd die, for me and you
She's the lady in blue
And she'd die, for me and you
She's an Air Force Captain
And she do it, any time.*

Little Kitten / Baby Cat (Submitted by Kristen Reuter)

(Tune: A Yellow Bird)

*This one is sung like A Yellow Bird but I thought it deserved it's own posting.
It's not dirty enough to be in the Offensive Section but use your head before you sing it.*

*Little kitten, baby cat
sitting on my welcome mat,
Picked him up and made him purr,
Then I ripped out all his fur.*

*Little mouse with little feet,
sitting on my toilet seat,*

*Pushed him in and flushed him down,
Watched that bastard spin around.*

Have Gun Will Travel (Submitted by John Floyd)

*Have gun will travel reads the card of a man
A knight without armour in a war torn land
A fighting man for higher in the blowing winds
A soldier of fortune is an airborne ranger. Loud!*

*See the Commie dressed in red
He's got my bullet in his head
See the commie dressed in black
He's got my k-bar in his back*

*See that soldier in the sky
Airborne ranger learn to fly
See that soldier on the ground
Lock and load another round*

Hey, Hey, Josephene! (Submitted by Allyson Palmeri)

*Hey, hey, Josephene!
How do you do!
Do you remember me baby?
Like I remember you?
I used to tote your books,
On the way to school.
Do you remember me baby?
Like I remember you?
I used to walk you home,
I used to call you on the phone.
Do you remember me girl?
Like I remember you?*

I've got a Rifle

*I've got a rifle!
And I've got a pair of boots!
And I've got a Bradley!
Straight from the rocks ate UTES!*

Chorus:
Said Hey La-DE-DA-de!

*We likes to party!
Said Hey La-DE-DA-de!
Git-SUM! Git-SUM today!*

*I've got some binos!
And I've got an OpOrder!
And I've got a rucksack!
Hangin' off my shoulder!*

Chorus:

*I've got a 109!
And I've got MRLS!
And I'm gonna Call For Fire!
Gonna make a big old mess!*

Chorus:

Marine Infantry (Submitted by PHILGOMEZ8@aol.com)

*I was born with an M-16,
My Momma didn't want me to be a marine.
The years went by, and was jumping out the sky.
Ain't going quit till I die.
One year of war is nothing to me.
Cause I'm really mean, and a fighting marine.
I shot my first rifle in 93'
Born and raised to be a marine infantry.*

Men At War (Submitted by Timothy C Stepan)

*Men at war oh or oh or..
Men at war oh or oh or..
When it's late at night and you're sleepin'.
The Marines will be creepin'
All arrrrrrrrrrrrrrund.
Will be creepin' all around, hey!*

Old King Cole

*Old King Cole was a merry old soul, a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl and he called for his Privates three.
Beer! Beer! Beer! Said the Privates.*

Chorus:

*What merry men are we!
but none so fair that we can compare to the Mechanised Infantry!
Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl and he called for his Corporals three.
I need a three day pass said the Corporal
Beer! Beer! Beer! Said the Privates.*

Chorus:

*Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl and he called for his Sergeants three.
Left right left said the Sergeant.
I need a three day pass said the Corporal
Beer! Beer! Beer! Said the Privates.*

Chorus:

*Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl and he called for his El Tee's three.
What do I do now? Said the El Tee.
Left right left said the Sergeant.
I need a three day pass said the Corporal
Beer! Beer! Beer! Said the Privates.*

Chorus:

*Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl and he called for his Captains three.
Who's gonna drive my Hummer? Said the Captain
What do I do now? Said the El Tee.
Left right left said the Sergeant.
I need a three day pass said the Corporal
Beer! Beer! Beer! Said the Privates.*

Chorus:

*Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl and he called for his Majors three.
I need a bigger desk said the major.
Who's gonna drive my Hummer? Said the Captain
What do I do now? Said the El Tee.
Left right left said the Sergeant.
I need a three day pass said the Corporal
Beer! Beer! Beer! Said the Privates.*

Chorus:

*Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl and he called for his Colonels three.
When can I play golf? Said the Colonel.*

*I need a bigger desk said the major.
Who's gonna drive my Hummer? Said the Captain.
What do I do now? Said the El Tee.
Left right left said the Sergeant.
I need a three day pass said the Corporal
Beer! Beer! Beer! Said the Privates.*

Chorus:

*Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl and he called for his Generals three.
Keep those Privates straight! Said the Generals
When can I play golf? Said the Colonel.
I need a bigger desk said the major.
Who's gonna drive my Hummer? Said the Captain.
What do I do now? Said the El Tee.
Left right left said the Sergeant.
I need a three day pass said the Corporal
Beer! Beer! Beer! Said the Privates.*

Chorus:

Chorus:

On a Bright and Sunny Day (Submitted by Adam Paxton)

*On a bright and sunny day,
Two good friends went out to play.
First, they gathered all they're money,
Then they bought a jar of honey.
Then the fat one ate it all,
And he made the small one crawl.
Now the fat ones on the run,
Cause the small one's got a gun.*

*Yogi Bear is dead.
Boo-Boo shot him in the head.
Yogi Bear is dead.
Boo-Boo pumped him full of lead.*

*Ranger Rick was on the hill,
He saw Boo-Boo make the kill.
Now the Rangers on the run,
Cause the small ones got a gun.*

*Ranger Rick is dead.
Boo-Boo shot him in the head.
Ranger Rick is dead,
Boo-Boo pumped him full of lead.*

Pump it Up (Submitted by Shannon Soderlund)

*Pump, pump it up,
Break, break it down.
We are, we are we are truckers,
Driving trucks for Uncle Sam
Driving trucks the best we can.*

*Pump, pump it up
Break, break it down.
We are, we are foxs
Pumping fuel for Uncle Sam.
Pumping fuel the best we can.*

Somewhere There's A Mother (Submitted by peck269@aol.com)

*Somewhere there's a mother,
Who's cryin' for her son.
For he's an Airborne Ranger,
Whose work is never done.*

*But don't cha cry him no tears,
He don't need your sympathy.
For he's an Airborne Ranger,
And that's what he chose to be.*

*Somewhere there's a daughter,
Who's cryin' for her dad.
For he's an Airborne Ranger,
And a mighty one at that.*

*But don't cha cry him no tears,
He don't need your sympathy.
For he's an Airborne Ranger,
And that's what he chose to be.*

*Somewhere there's a lady,
That's cryin' for her man,
For hes an Airborne Ranger,
Fighting in a foreign land.*

*But don't cha cry him no tears,
He don't need your sympathy.
For he's an Airborne Ranger,
And that's what he chose to be.*

*Along came a letter,
And this is what it said.*

*We regret to inform you,
But your Airborne Rangers dead.*

Sun of a Gun Colombo (Submitted by Tom Bernard)

*In 1492 a sailor from New Seli
Was walking around in the streets of Spain.
Selling hot tomalies*

Chorus:
*He said the world was round-o
He said it could be found-o
That hypothetical calculating sun of a gun Columbo*

*He walked right up to the queen of Spain
To ask for ships and cargo
He said I'll be a son of a gun if I don't bring back Chicago*

Chorus:

*The first mate, the first mate
Yes he had a big-un
He wrapped it twice around the mast
And used the rest for rigging.*

Chorus:

*The ships cook, the ships cook
Yes he was a cooking
He slipped a rat into the pot
When no one was a-looking*

Chorus:

They Say that in the Army...

*They say that in the Army the coffee's mighty fine.
Who said that? They say that in the Army the coffee's mighty fine.
It looks like muddy water and tastes like turpentine!*

Chorus:
*Oh Mom, I want to go home!
But they won't let me go home!
Ohhhhhhhh, OHHHHHHHH, Ohhhhhhhh
Ohhhhhhhh, OHHHHHHHH, Ohhhhhhhh, Ohhhhhhhh, Ohhhhhhhh, HEY!
They say that in the Army the chow mighty fine.
Who said that? They say that in the Army the chow mighty fine.*

A chicken jumped off the table and started markin' time!

Chorus:

*They say that in the Army the pay mighty fine.
Who said that? They say that in the Army the pay mighty fine.
They give a hundred dollars and take back ninety nine!*

Chorus:

*They say that in the Army, the food is mighty fine.
A roll fell off the table, and killed a friend of mine!*

Chorus:

*They say that in the Army, the women are mighty fine.
They look like Freddy Kruger and walk like Frankenstein!*

Chorus:

*They say that in the Army, the coffee is mighty fine
it's good for cuts and bruises and tastes like iodine.*

The Prettiest Girl (Submitted by Tom Bernard)

(Tune: A Yellow Bird)

*C: The prettiest girl
F: The prettiest girl
C: I ever saw
F: I ever saw
C: was sipping bourbon
F: was sipping bourbon
C: through a straw
F: Through a straw
C: The prettiest girl
F: The prettiest girl
C: I ever saw
F: I ever saw
F: was sipping bourbon (stomp), through a straw.*

*I walked right up
I sat right down
I ordered up
Another round.*

*I placed my hand
Upon her knee
She said GI*

You're teasing me.

*I placed my hand
Upon her thigh
She said GI
That's way too high.*

*I picked her up
I laid her down
Her long blond hair
Lay all around.*

*The wedding was
A formal one
Her daddy had
A white shotgun.*

*And now I've got
A mother-in-law
And 14 kids
Who call me pa.*

'Till I Get on Back Home (Submitted by Joseph Smith)

*Got a letter in the mail,
Said go to war or go to jail,
But it won't be long,
Till I get on back home.*

*Slapped me down in a barber's chair
Spun me around, I had no hair,
But it won't be long,
Till I get on back home.*

*Use to drive a Cadillac,
Now I hump it on my back,
But it won't be long,
Till I get on back home.*

*Used to be a high school stud,
Now I'm marching in the mud,
But it won't be long,
Till I get on back home.*

*Used to wear my faded jeans,
Now I'm wearing army greens,
But it won't be long,
Till I get on back home.*

*Used to date a beauty queen,
Now I love my M16,
But it won't be long,
Till I get on back home.*

*I don't know why I left,
But I know I done wrong.
But it won't be long,
Till I get on back home.*

*Now Momma, Momma don't you cry.
Your little boy ain't gonna die,
But it won't be long,
Till I get on back home.*

*Now sister, sister don't you fret.
I haven't met my match yet!
But it won't be long,
Till I get on back home.*

Tiny Bubbles (Submitted by C/SSG Samantha (Sammy) Davidson)

*Tiny bubbles,
In my wine,
Makes me feel happy,
Makes me feel fine.*

*Tiny bubbles,
In my beer,
Makes me feel happy,
All the year, makes you feel queer*

*Tiny bubbles,
In my keg,
Makes me wonder,
Why I can't feel my legs,*

*Tiny bubbles,
In my water,
Makes me run faster,
But makes me feel hotter.*

V I C T O R Y (Submitted by Chris Calderon)

*V-I-C-T-O-R-Y
Victory, Victory that's our battle cry
9 in the front and 6 to the rear*

*That's the way we do it here
If I die on the ol' drop zone
Box me up and ship me home
Tell my mom I did my best
Pin my medals upon her chest
Tell my DS I did my best
and that I was buried in the leaning rest.*

Viet Nam, Viet Nam (Submitted by Phil Toth)

(Tune: Poison Ivy)

*Viet Nam,
Viet Nam,
Oh, at night while you're sleepin,
Charlie Cong will come a creepin,
All arouunnd.*

*The Saigon girls are pretty,
Their hair is long and black.
And if you don't watch it,
They'll knife you in the back,
In Viet Nam.*

*Viet Nam,
Viet Nam,
Oh, at night while you're sleepin,
Charlie Cong will come a creepin,
All arouunnd.*

Yabba Dabba Do!

Words in Italics represent words said by the formation with the caller.

Yabba Dabba Dabba Do!
Yabba yabba yabba yabba dabba do!
Pebbles and Bam-Bam on a Friday night.
Tried to get to heaven on a paper kite.
Lightning struck. *BOOM!* And down they fell. *Ahhhhhhh!*
Instead of going to heaven, they went straight to hell!
Dino the dog *Wolf! Wolf!* was on the bone!
While Fred and Barney rocked the microphone!
I heard a scream! *Ahhhhhhh!* and a shout! *Ahhhhhhh!*
It was Mister Slate knockin' Wilma out!
There wasn't very much old Freddy could do!
'Cept holler yabba dabba dabba dabba do!

A Yellow Bird (Submitted by Phil Toth)

Note: There is a version on the offensive page which may (or may not) be used.

A yellow bird,
with a yellow bill.
He landed on
My window sill.
I coaxed him in.
With a piece of bread,
and then I smashed his
Fuckin' head! (Stomp your falling foot in unison)

Note: This cadence may be continued with the following.

I called the doctor.
The doctor said.
My dear good man.
This bird is dead.

A Yellow Ribbon

Around her head, she wore a yellow ribbon.
She wore it in the springtime and in the month of May.
And if you ask her why the hell she wore it.
She wore it for that soldier who was far, far away.

Chorus:
Far Away
Far Away.
She wore it for that soldier who was far, far away. HEY!

Around the block, she pushed the baby carriage.
She pushed it in the spring time and in the month of May.
And if you ask her why the hell she pushed it.
She pushed it for that soldier who was far, far away.

Chorus:

Above the door, her daddy kept a shotgun.
He kept it in the springtime and in the month of May.
And if you ask him why the hell he kept it.
He kept it for that soldier who was far, far away.

Chorus:

You Are My Sergeant (Submitted by 1SG Nakamura)

You are my Sergeant.
My only Sergeant
You make me tired.
When you drop me
But you never know Sarge,
How much I love you.
Please don't take my stripe away!

repeat 2 times

Irene

Irene's her name
She's one of the best.
So every night
I give her the test.

She looks so pretty.
So sleek, so slim.
The moon is bright
The lights are dim.

I've seen her stripped.
I've seen her bare,
I've felt her over everywhere.
I handled her just as gentle as I could.

And when I got in her
I knew she was good.
I rolled her over on her side
Then on her back, I also tried.

She's just one big thrill
The best in the land.
She's an F-16
In the Air Combat Command.

I wish all the ladies

I wish, I wish, I wish all the ladies
Were bells on a tower
And I was the bellboy
I'd bang 'em by the hour

I wish, I wish, I wish all the ladies
Were pies on a shelf
And I was the baker

I'd eat 'em all myself

I wish, I wish, I wish all the ladies
Were holes on a road
And I was the dump truck
I'd fill 'em with my load

I wish, I wish, I wish all the ladies
Were bricks in a pile
And I was the mason
I'd lay 'em all like tile

Note: These lyrics may also be used as a Chorus:.

I said hey pass the reefer!
I said hey bobba reeba!
A left right, a left right
A left right you're outta sight!
Join the Party

Come along and join the party.
Come along and have some fun.
We're the guys from the US Army.
Dropping rounds on everyone.
Throw some candy to the children.
Await until they gather round.
Lock and load your M-16.
And blow those little suckers down.
Walk up into their school house.
Await until you hear the bell.
Pull a pin from a grenade and
Send those bastards straight to hell.

McDonalds Psycho

Going to McDonalds.
To get a coke and fry,
That's when the psycho
Caught me by surprise.
People started running,
Heading for the door.
That's when the psycho
Shot at twenty more.
Ronald McDonald
Looking at the dead.
That's when the psycho
Shot him in the head.
Next time I'm hungry.
I'll do the right thing,
And take my business,

On to Burger King.

Note: I have also heard this.

Joe was eating some golden fries.

He caught a round right in the eyes.

Joe was eating some golden fries.

He caught a round right in the eyes.

A wop-wop way-o!

A yip-yip yeah!

A wop-wop way-o!

A yip-yip yeah!

Jill was drinking a chocolate shake.

She caught a round right in the neck.

Jill was drinking a chocolate shake.

She caught a round right in the neck.

A wop-wop way-o!

A yip-yip yeah!

A wop-wop way-o!

A yip-yip yeah!

James was eating a Big Mac

He caught a round right in the back.

James was eating a Big Mac

He caught a round right in the back.

Sally Brown

There was a girl

Called Sally Brown

Said no man

Could lay her down.

Then over the hill

Came perfect Pete

He was 50 pounds

Of swingin' meat.

He lay Sally down

In the grass

And shoved his dick

Up her ass.

Sally let out

A ripper fart

Blew Pete's balls

20 feet apart.

Over that hill

Went Perfect Pete's

50 pounds

Of damaged meat.

Three German Soldiers

(Tune: When Johnny comes Marching Home)

Three German soldiers crossed the line taboo taboo
Three German soldiers crossed the line taboo taboo
Three German soldiers crossed the line they raped the women and drank the
Wine and they all said zeich hile tickle my ass taboo

They came upon a way side inn taboo taboo
They came upon a way side inn taboo taboo
They came upon a way side inn the door was locked so they kicked it in and
They all said zeich hile tickle my ass taboo

The inn keeper had a daughter fair taboo taboo
The inn keeper had a daughter fair taboo taboo
The inn keeper had a daughter fair, with long blond hair And Tits to There
And they all said zeich hile tickle my ass taboo

They tied her to a feather bed taboo taboo
They tied her to a feather bed taboo taboo
They tied her to a feather bed and fucked till she was almost dead and they
All said zeich hile tickle my ass taboo

The inn keeper was so ashamed taboo taboo
The inn keeper was so ashamed taboo taboo
The inn keeper was so ashamed he fucked her back to life again and they all
Said zeich hile tickle my ass taboo

The inn keeper had a trusty gun taboo taboo
The inn keeper had a trusty gun taboo taboo
The inn keeper had a trusty gun he shot the fuckers one by one and they all
Said zeich hile tickle my ass taboo

Three German soldiers marched to hell taboo taboo
Three German soldiers marched to hell taboo taboo
Three German soldiers marched to hell they fuck the devil and his wife as
Well and they all said zeich hile tickle my ass taboo

The moral of the story is taboo taboo
The moral of the story is taboo taboo
The moral of the story is you never fuck in a feather bed and they all said
Zeich hile tickle my ass taboo

The moral of the moral is taboo taboo
The moral of the moral is taboo taboo
The moral of the moral is you always fuck in a water bed and they all said
Zeich hile tickle my as taboo

The Germans thought they won the war taboo taboo
The Germans thought they won the war taboo taboo
The Germans thought they won the war the Newfies won it the day before and
They all said zeich hile tickle my ass taboo!

And they all said zeich hile tickle my ass taboo.

Walking Down My Street

Walking down my street knocking on every door
God damn son of a bitch I couldn't find the whore

Finally found the whore she was tall and thin
God damn son of a bitch I couldn't get it in

Finally got it in swished it all about,
God damn son of a bitch I couldn't get it out

Finally got it out it was red and sore,
God damn son of a bitch I finally fucked the whore

The moral of the story when knocking on every door
God damn son of a bitch never fuck the whore

A Yellow Bird

Note: There is of A Yellow Bird on the marching page that is much cleaner.

A little bird
With a little beak
Was sittin' on
My toilet seat
I pushed him in
I flushed him down
I watched his ass
Go round and round

A Yellow bird
A yellow bill
Was sittin' on
My window sill
I lured him in
With a piece of bread
Then I smashed
His yellow head

A bigger bird

With a bigger bill
Was sittin' on
My window sill
I lured him in
With a piece of bread
Then I smashed
His bigger head

The doctor came
To check their heads
He said for sure
These birds ain't dead
Oh me Oh my
I'm such a clutz
I missed their heads
And crushed their nuts

The morale of
This story is
If ya can't get head
(*Really loud*) Use your bread!

Or you can say

...

And then I kissed
His little head.
The moral of
The story is clear.
If you kiss a bird
You're probably queer.

Or...

The moral of
The story is
To get some head
You need some bread!

A Night in the Ville

Went to Kinville with Smitty and Will
To spend some money and get some thrills
Walked in the door and before I could blink
Some little lady said "BUY ME A DRINK"

Was a crazy sight ,thought I'd seen it all
There were women crawlin' from wall to wall
I reached in my pocket for a dollar twenty four
She said to buy my drink you gotta pay 10 more

I said are you playing some kinda joke?
It's only two fifty for a rum and coke!
She said "I'm kinda' lonely and I need a date
Ten bucks a drink is the going rate.

I put my cash away and I started to go
Cause Willie D. said "Let a ho be a ho"
I felt a little sorry for the bar girl troupe
Didn't know they'd take my ass to the hoop!

Bought the girl a drink and I knew I was doomed,
Ten horny squids sat across the room.
Paid the bar fine and I grabbed her tit,
She said buy me some dinner, and I'll luv' ya no shit!

Stopped for Yakisoba then she said to me
Drive me to the alley cause I've got to pee
She walked down the alley and I leaned against the car
Then I was attacked by the squids from the bar!

Swung my tow chain and I tied em' in knots,
The girl was pissin' but she never did squat,
Looked a little closer and I knew I'd be sick,
The girl didn't squat because she had a dick!

She said "come with me and we'll make the time pass,
I said " you need a lift , shove a jack up your ass!"

Pulled out her pistol said "You're gonna be a ghost",
I shot my flame thrower and I turned her to toast!

Smitty grabbed the pistol, and Will just ran,
Just another day in the "Land of the Hand"

In the Clover

Chorus:
Roll me over,
In the clover.
Lay your body next to mine,
Roll it on down the line!

So, I gave her inches 1.
She said baby you're the one!

Chorus:

Do I gave her inches 2
She said u-wi-u-wi-u!

Chorus:

So, I gave her inches 3,
She said baby that's for me!

Chorus:

So, I gave her inches 4.
She said baby give me more!

Chorus:

So, I gave her inches 5.
She said baby I'm alive!

Chorus:

So, I gave her inches 6,
She said baby that's for kicks.

Chorus:

So, I gave her inches 7,
She said baby I'm in heaven.

Chorus:

So, I gave her inches 8,
She said baby that was great.

Chorus:

So, I gave her inches 9.
She said baby you look fine.

Chorus:

Mrs O'Malley

O' Mrs O'Malley won't you come quick
Watch an Irishman play with his dick
It's as long as your arm
And round as your wrist
There's a knob on the end as big as your fist

Up Jumped a Monkey

Up jumped the monkey from the coconut grove
He was a mean mother fucker, you could tell by his clothes.
He wore a two button ditty, and a three button stitch
He was a loud mouth mother fuckin', son of a bitch!
He lined a hundred women, up against the wall
And bet anyone, he could fuck them all.
He fucked 98 till his balls turn blue,
Then he backed off, jacked off, and fucked the other two!!!

Note: You can also sing this version.

Airborne Ranger was a hell of a man!
Walked through the bar with his cock in his hand!
Shit on the table and pissed on the floor.
Then wiped his ass with a "44."
Lined a hundred women up against the wall.
Bet a hundred bucks he could fuck them all.
Fucked 98 till his cock turned blue.
Up chucked, jammed up, fucked the other two.
When he died, he went to hell.
Fucked the devil's wife and his daughter as well.
On his grave stone, it read in green.
Here lies a human FUCKING MACHINE

Napalm Sticks to Kids

A-10, A-10, flying high
drop that napalm from the sky.
See those kids by the river
drop some napalm watch them quiver.
Napalm (emphasise napalm) sticks to kids!
Napalm sticks to kids!
See those kids by the lake
drop some napalm watch them bake.
Napalm (emphasise napalm) sticks to kids!
Napalm sticks to kids!
See those kids the hut
shove some napalm up their butt!
Napalm (emphasise napalm) sticks to kids!
Napalm sticks to kids!

A-10 Pilots (Submitted by Chuck Childers)

A10 pilots flying high
A10 pilots flying by

Looking down let's have some fun
5 little commies watch them run
Air Force pilots sing their song
I just love to drop napalm

5 little commies in the grass
Watch that A10 light their ass

4 little commies down by the lake
Come on people watch them bake

3 little commies in the hut
Watch that napalm light their but

2 little commies jump in the cave
Come on napalm make their grave

1 little commie's getting hot
Watch that napalm hit the spot

A10 pilots in the sun
A10 pilots out for fun
Air Force pilots sing their song

Airborne PT (Submitted by SSG Allan Yokum)

Early one morning in the pouring rain,
First Sergeant said it was time for pain,
grab your ruck and follow me!
Its time to do some PT.
We jogged nine miles and we ran three,
The First Sergeants yelling follow me!
Then we walked two miles and ran eight!
Airborne PT sure is great!

Airborne Ranger

Possibly the most famous cadence of all
Two old ladies were lyin' in bed.
One turned over to the other and said.
I wanna be an Airborne Ranger!
Live that life of blood and danger.
Airborne Ranger.
Blood and danger.

I wanna be a paramedic.
Pump that funky anaesthetic.

Paramedic.
Anaesthetic.

I wanna be a mountain climber.
Climb those mountains higher and higher.
Mountain climber.
Higher and higher.

I wanna be a scuba diver.
Jump right in that muddy water.
Scuba diver.
Muddy water.

Saw an old lady walkin' down the street.
She had a ruck on her back and jump boots on her feet.
I said hey old lady, where you goin' to?
She said US Army Ranger school.
I said hey old lady now ain't ya been told,
Ranger school's for the brave and the bold.
She said hey young man, I'll do just fine.
I maxed my test and I'm ninety nine!

This paragraph can be added or used as a different version. (Submitted by Phil Toth)

Two old ladies were layin' in bed,
One rolled over to the other and said,
"I wanna be an Airborne Ranger,
I wanna live a life of danger."
"I wanna go to Viet Nam,
Just to kill ol' Charlie Cong!"

This paragraph can be added or used as a different version. (Submitted by Kelly Vilven)

When I get to heaven
Saint Peter's gonna say
How'd you earn your livin boy?
How'd you earn your pay?
And I'd reply
With a whole lotta anger.
Earned my livin as an Airborne Ranger
Blood, guts, sex, and danger,
That's the life of an Airborne Ranger.

When I get to Hell,
The devil's gonna say
How'd you earn your livin boy?
How'd you earn your pay?
And I'd reply as I clenched my knife
Get outta my way before I take your life.
Blood, guts, sex, and danger,
That's the life of an Airborne Ranger.

This paragraph can be added or used as a different version. (Submitted by Chris Gillich)

If I die in a combat zone,
Box me up and ship me home.
Build my coffin 4 feet wide,
Ground me to the inspection side.
Pin my medals upon my chest,
Tell my mom I did my best.
Bury my body six feet down,
'Till u hear it hit the ground.

When it hits hard, you'll hear me sing,
I wanted to be a training instructor,
I wanted to shave off all my hair.
I wanted to be a training instructor,
I wanted to wear my Smokey bear.

An Airborne Man (Submitted by Duncan Shestack)

I used to be an Airborne man,
They dropped me from a plane in Vietnam.
Lock and load your M16,
Grab your gear and follow me!

Take the safety off your gun,
Let's go have some combat fun.
Find some enemies, roamin' around,
Take your aim and mow 'em down.

Find some N.V.A.. and capture them all,
Line them up against the wall.
Cock your Colt and line up a shot,
Squeeze the trigger and kill the lot.

Airborne (spelled) (Submitted by Roy L Edgar)

A - IS FOR AIRBORNE
I - IS FOR IN THE SKY
R - IS FOR ROUGH TOUGH
B - IS FOR BORN TO JUMP
O - IS FOR ON THE GO
R - IS FOR RANGER
N - IS FOR NEVER QUIT
E - IS FOR EVERY DAY

Baby Brigade (Submitted by Cpl Paul Carey)

Talking to my daddy on his dying bed,
With a smile on his face, this is what he said

When I came out of my mothers womb,
I found myself in the delivery room,

All bloody and wet I rappelled to the floor,
Cut the umbilical cord and crawled to the door

Camouflage diaper, black baby shoes,
Butter knife sword and baby dress blues

Humvee stroller, tricycle tank,
3 diaper pins on my collar for rank

Went down the hall heard some crying like heck,
Walked right in and called ATTENTION ON DECK!

Said "listen up wimps, I'm in command"
"All your crying and your snivelling I will not stand"

They said "Aye, Aye, Sir" and I had it made.
I was commanding officer of the baby brigade.

Backwoods Johnny (Submitted by Spiddle@aol.com)

Backwoods Johnny was a wrestlin' fool.
He wrestled alligators on his way to school.
He'd stroke their bellies and throw 'em in a sack,
and run off to school with a gator on his back.
Teacher seen him coming, jump on a chair.
She yelled at Johnny, "Get your gator outta here!"
Johnny replied as he took his seat,
"You better mind your manners 'cause my gator wants some meat!"

Bad Boys in Serbia

Bad boys in Serbia, you don't play fair.
Gonna watch you play with my TAC Air.
Put me in a Bradley *Herckey bird* and send me over there.
Drop me right down in Logivinia Square.
Take your best shot, Serb I don't really care.
I've got Kevlar underwear!
Fire him up as best I could
Sent him home in a box 'a wood.

Beatin' My Drum (Submitted by Tom Bernard)

Sittin' on a mountain top beatin' my drum
I beat so hard that the MP's come,
'Said MP, MP, don't arrest me
Arrest that _____ behind that tree.
He stole the whisky, I stole the wine
And now we're doin' the double time!

Big Iron Bird

Soldier! Soldier! Have you heard?
I'm gonna jump from a big iron bird
Up in the mornin' in the drizzlin rain
I packed my chute and boarded the plane
It rained so hard that I couldn't see
Jumpmaster said you can depend on me
I looked with fear at the open door
Then I stood up and I fainted on the floor
When I woke up, I was hooked up again
And that is when I fainted again

Birdie, Birdie (Submitted by santerla@aol.com)

Birdie, birdie in the sky
Dropped some whitewash in my eye
I won't fuss and I won't cry
I'm just glad that cows can't fly.

Bodies, Bleeding Bodies (Submitted by PFC Elliot)

Load another magazine,
In my trusty M16.
Cuz all I ever wanna see!
Is bodies, bleeding bodies.

Throw another hand grenade!
Should have seen the mess I made.
Cuz all I ever wanna see,
Is bodies, broken bodies.

Stab em with the bayonet!
If he squirms you're not done yet!
Cuz all I ever wanna see,
Is bodies, cut up bodies.

Call some more TACAIR.
On that bunker over there.
Cuz all I ever wanna see,
Is bodies burnin' bodies!

Bo Didley

Bo Didley, Bo Didley, where you been?
Down in Texas drinkin' gin!
What you gonna do when you get back?
Run it all out on the PT track!

Chairborne Ranger (Submitted by Frank Wright)

It's one thirty now on the strip
Chairborne daddy gonna take a little trip
Stand up, lock up, shuffle to the door
The club for lunch and home by four
If there's something to decide
Close your door and try to hide
Every time you get a call
You're out playing racquetball
First revise the SOP
Make a change in policy
Ours is not to wonder why
It's written down in the LOI
God forbid we should go to war
All that paperwork would be a bore
Let me stay behind my desk
Anything is better than the leaning rest
Chairborne Ranger, that's what I am
One of a kind, I'm and AG man

Combat Control (Submitted by Cadet Amundson)

This was submitted by a CAP Cadet. He's pretty damn Hard Core for a CAP.

We come in the night and steal your soul
That's because we're the Combat Control

Chorus:

I come by land, air, and sea,
You can call me the CCT!

Paint my face black and green,
Do it well so I won't be seen.

Chorus:

I slip and slither through the grass,
Then come up and kick your ass!

Chorus:

You run in the bush and try to hide,
But that's where I live; your gonna die!

Chorus:

A flash and bang will be your fate,
You won't know I'm here till it's way too late!

Chorus:

Carry my ruck upon my back!
Locked and cocked I'm gonna attack!

Chorus:

Standin' tall in my red beret,
I'm the best in the USA!

Combat Engineers Raising Hell (Submitted by Sgt George A Patrick)

Alpha Papa Charlie rollin' down the trail,
Combat Engineers raising Hell!
Head space and timing set just right,
50 gunner's ready, he's lookin' for a fight!
Better than a treadhead, better than a grunt!
Combat Engineers are number one!
Road crater, Tank ditch, minefield
Engineer obstacles KILL, KILL, KILL!

Coon Skin (Submitted by Mike Jacobs)

Coon skin and alligator hide,

Make a pair of jungle boots just the right size.
Slap em on lace em up put em on your feet,
A good pair of jungle boots can't be beat!

C-130

Note: Text in *Italics* denotes an alternate line.

C-130 Rolling down the strip.
Airborne daddy *Momma/Ranger* on a one way trip.
Mission unspoken, destination unknown.
They don't even know if they'll ever come home.
Stand up hook up, shuffle to the door.
Jump right out and count to four.
If my main don't open wide.
I've got a reserve my by side.
If that one don't fail me too.
Look out ground, I'm a comin' through *I'll hit the ground before you do!*
Pin my medals upon my chest,
And bury me in the leaning rest.
When I get to heaven.
St Peter's gonna say.
How'd you earn your livin?
How'd you earn your pay?
And I will reply with a little bit of anger.
Earned my pay as an Airborne soldier *Ranger*

This paragraph can be added or used as a different version. (Submitted by Phil Toth)

C-130 rollin down the strip,
Airborne daddy gonna take a little trip.
Stand up, buckle up, shuffle to the door,
Jump right out and count to four.
If my chute don't open wide,
I'll be splattered on the countryside.
If my chute don't open wide,
I got another one by my side.
If that chute don't open neither,
I'll say hi to ol' St Peter.
If I die on the ol' drop zone,
Pack me up and ship me home.
Bury me in the leanin' rest,
Tell my folks I did my best.

Still a different version (Submitted by Sean)

If my main don't open wide,
I got a reserve by my side.
If that one don't open either,
I got a date with ol St Peter.

When I hit that landin' zone.
Box me up and ship me home.
Tell my girlfriend not to cry.
I was born to jump and die.
Bury me with speakers all around my head.
So I can rock with the Grateful Dead.
Bury me with speakers all around my toes.
So I can rock with Axl Rose.

I liked this version a lot (Submitted by NukeMarine@aol.com)

C-130 going down the strip
Blew a tire and the mutha fucka flipped

Well the C-130 ain't flying today
Air Force pilot went UA
Mission top secret destination unknown
So his sorry ass just stayed at home

The Colonel had a mission that he had to complete
So he reached for the phone down at his feet
He thought just a second, then he said "What the Heck"
Dialled 1-800-LEATHER NECK

Corpsman Grandaddy (Submitted by HM2(FMF) Tony W Lyle)

My Grandaddy was a hoarse Marine
Everything that he wore was green.
When he was young he dreamed of bein' old
So he could be a member of the bold

He left town when he was 18
So he could go become a Marine
When he was young he went to war
He found out he could be a boy no more

Shot once and Shot twice
He found a Corpsman saved his life
When I was young he told me back then
You better grow up and become a CORPSMAN!

I'm proud to be a Navy CORPSMAN
I'm here to save our fightin' Marines
I'll run and fight and Jump from 'copters
Just to wear the rate badge on my sleeve!

The Desert Sand (Submitted by SSG Robert A Thompson)

I went down to see the man
He gave me orders for the desert sand

I packed up my weapon, I packed up my ruck
They threw me in this 5 ton truck

As I look out with a glassy glare
The next think I know I'm in the air

When we land it's dark and warm
They tell me I'm at the Desert Storm

For the next six months this in your home
No running water no telephone

Saddam Hussein he said to me
I want to be all I can be

I'll pack you're weapon, I'll pack you're ruck
As for Iraq I don't give a damn (hmmm)

Dingle Dangle (Submitted by Drill Instructor Robert Chavez)

Left, left oh right left
Left right left
Keep it in step
But don't let your dingle dangle, dangle in the dirt
Pick up your dingle dangle put it in your shirt
Left, left oh right left
Left right left
Keep it in step
But don't let your dingle dangle, dangle in the mud
Pick up your dingle dangle hand it to your bud
Left, left oh right left
Left right left
Keep it in step
But don't let your dingle dangle, dangle in the snow
Pick up your dingle dangle tie it in a bow
Left, left oh right left
Left right left
Keep it in step
But don't let your dingle dangle to low
Pick up your dingle dangle and let's go
Left, left oh right left
Left right left
Keep it in step

F-15 (Submitted by Jean Keesler)

F-15 rolling down the strip.
Eagle driver gonna take a little trip.
Rev it up, taxi down, count to four.
Push the throttle forward and hear the engines roar.
Thirty thousand feet and still climbing higher,
doin mach 2 with my hair on fire.
Took a look at my six and what did I see,
a MIG-29 comin' after me.
Pulled it up and rolled it left to his surprise,
should have seen the look in that bogie's eyes.
I got tone and let my missile fly,
blew that 29 right out of the sky.
when you see and Eagle driver he will say,
flying and fighting is the Air Force way!

Force Recon (Submitted by Justin Payne)

Paint my face black and green
You won't see me I'm a Recon Marine.
I slip and slither into the night
You won't see me till I'm ready to fight.
You'll run in the bushes, you'll try to hide
But that's where I live you're sure to die.
You won't see me till it's too late
A flash of my bang will be your fate.

George S Patton (Submitted by CDT Christopher J Warren)

In 1934 we took a little trip.
Me and George S Patton headed down to Mississippi.
We shot our main guns till the barrels melted down.
then we grabbed a couple legs and we went a couple rounds.
Cause were mentally able and were physically fit.
And if you ain't armour you ain't shit!

Get Up!

Hey everybody I have got a song!
Sound a lot better if you sing along!

Chorus:

Well get up! A little louder!
Well get up on up a little louder!
When I'm a walkin' I strut my stuff!
When I'm a runnin', can't get enough!

Chorus:

Got me a Bradley big as a whale!
Got me a tooth as big as me tail!

Chorus:

Standin' tall and lookin' good!
Aughta be in Hollywood!

Chorus:

Carry my ruck upon my back!
Locked and cocked I'm gonna attack!

Chorus:

Polished my bayonet, spick and span!
Plunge it into a Serbian!

Chorus:

Granddaddy (Submitted by RFur12@aol.com)

My granddaddy was a horse marine,
When he was born, he was wearing green.
Ate his steak six inches thick,
Picked his teeth with a swagger stick.
Drinking and fighting and running all day,
Granddaddy knew no other way.
Lived every day of his life for the corps,
So they sent him off to war.
Went to the islands to fight the Japanese,
Caught some shrapnel in the knees.
Later, at Chosen Reservoir,
Caught a bullet in his derriere.
Went to a country called Vietnam,
To fight some people called Viet Cong.
Found himself in a fire fight,
Came back home on a Medivac flight.
Now granddaddy just sits there,
Marking his time in his rocking chair.

Grannie Does PT (Submitted by Tom Bernard)

When my Grannie was 91
She did PT just for fun
When my Grannie was 92
She did PT better than you
When my Grannie was 93
She did PT better than me
When my Grannie was 94
She did PT more and more
When my Grannie was 95
She did PT to stay alive
When my Grannie was 96
She did PT just for kicks
When my Grannie was 97
She up and died, and went to heaven
When my Grannie was 98
She did PT at the pearly gates
When my Grannie was 99
She was doin' the double time!

These lines were submitted by MSG Jonna Pittman:

When my old Granny was 91
She joined the Army just for fun.
When my old Granny was 92
She did PT in combat boots.
When my old Granny was 93
She practiced PLFs from a tree.
When my old Granny was 94
She'd knock out 10 and beg for more.
When my old Granny was 95
She fired expert and that's no jive.
When my old Granny was 96
She went Airborne just for kicks.
When my old Granny was 97
She up and died and went to heaven.
She met St Peter at the Pearly Gates
Said "Hey St Peter I hope I ain't late"
St Peter looked at her with a grin
and said "Get down Granny and knock out 10."
She knocked out 10 and did 10 more
Dedicated them to the NCO Corps.
Peter looked at Granny said "You're so cool
We're sending you back to Ranger school."
Granny said to Peter "Hey I ain't no fool.
I could be teachin' that dog gone School"

These lines were submitted by SGT Winder Morales. After I read it, I laughed so hard that I fell out of my chair.

When my Grannie was 97,
She up, she died, she went to heaven
She met St Peter at the pearling gate,
She said hey St Peter I hope I am not late,
St Peter said with a big ol grin
Get down granny and knockout ten,
Grannie replied with a big ol smile
Sorry St Peter I've got a profile.

Iraqi Blues (Submitted by SSgt Shafi A McCants)

Send the troops before it's too late,
Saddam has invaded Kuwait
Grab your rifle and get a tan
You can scratch a rotation plan

President Bush was talkin' tough
We didn't know it would get that rough
Thought Saddam was a man of reason
Now we've got em' for rape and treason

America's become divided as such
They don't like that war crap much
Cussin' and a picketing that's the scoop
Throw rocks at me, but you support our troops?

People are starting to understand
Saddam Hussein's one crazy man
Gasses his people and tortures them too
SADDAM THIS CLUSTER BOMBS FOR YOU!

Burning oil and acid rain,
Scud missile desert terrain
Shipped my ass straight overseas,
Who cut down the goddamn trees?

1-2-3 and 4
Sometimes to get peace ya' gotta make some war.
If we don't nuke em' till they glow
We'll die for more than Texaco.

Stormin' Norman made a plan
Now we're gonna kill who's in command
When we're through kickin' his ass
We'll pay 25 cents for a gallon of gas

This is my story and it is true
I call this song "The Iraqi Blues"
Saddam act stupid and I won't refuse
To put your ass on the 10 o'clock news!

Johnny (Submitted by Trevor Wilcox)

Mamma told Johnny not to go downtown,
Heard the Marine recruiter was hangin' around.
Johnny went downtown anyways,
Wanted to hear what recruiter had to say.
Recruiter asked Johnny what he wanted to be,
Johnny said, "I am wanna be infantry".
Johnny caught a plane to Vietnam,
There he fought the Viet Cong.
Many he killed by knife and blade,
God only knows how many lives he saved.
Well Johnny was bold and Johnny was brave,
Johnny jumped on a hand grenade.
Saved the lives of the men he lead,
But before he died, this is what he said.
"Mamma O mamma please don't you cry,
The Marine Corps motto is Semper Fi!"

Jump into Battle (Submitted by Mike Jacobs)

JUMP, JUMP, JUMP into battle!
Here those 60's rattle!
Shoot move and cover my brother.
Write a letter to my mother.

JUMP, JUMP, JUMP into battle!
Here those 50 cal's rattle!
Shoot move and cover my brother.
Write a letter to my mother.

Marine by God (Submitted by Sgt JM Wigner)

Born in the woods.
Raised by a bear.
I gotta double set of jaw teeth.
And a triple coat of hair.
Two brass balls.
And a cast iron rod.

I'm a mean devil dog,
A Marine by God.

Message For Saddam (Submitted by SSgt Shafi A McCants, USMC)

I don't know
But I've been told
These trips to the Gulf
Are getting mighty old

What Saddam has shown
Is a lack of respect
Refusing Officials
The right to inspect

So we gotta be deadly
And we've gotta be quick
When we send Saddam
His little holiday gift

Goin' Boom-Boom-Boom, Shake-a-Boom-Boom-Boom
Goin' Boom-Boom-Boom, Shake-a-Boom-Boom-Boom

I don't know
But I think Saddam
Will get an unexpected present
For Ramadan

Goin' Boom-Boom-Boom, Shake-a-Boom-Boom-Boom
Goin' Boom-Boom-Boom, Shake-a-Boom-Boom-Boom

On My Knees (Submitted by Mike Jacobs)

Up in the morning before day
I don't like it no way
I eat my breakfast to damn soon
Hungry as hell by noon

I went to the mess SGT on my knees.
Mess SGT mess SGT feed me please.
Mess SGT said with a big old grin.
If you wanna be a bravo *Airborne/Ranger*
You've got to be thin

Yeah I'm hardcore
Lean and mean
Fit to fight

Outta sight

One mile
No sweat
Two miles
Better yet

Three miles
I can make it
You can make it

Hhuah!
A-ha
Huah!
A-ha

Hardcore
Lean and mean
On the scene
ARMY green

On the Throne (Submitted by Tony DeBiase)

It started in the year around 52,
The communist Koreans were after you.
It started at the 38th parallel,
The south Koreans were catching hell.
They picked up the phone and began to dial,
The President answered in a little while,
He said who do you want to clean this mess,
They said Mr. President send the best.
The Corps got going and took the call,
In 24 hours we were on the ball.
The water was cold and the snow was deep,
The Corps spread blood all over the street.
The Corps packed up and we left for home,
For two hundred years we've been on the throne.

1775 (Submitted by Jeremy Bush)

Back in 1775
My Marine Corps came alive.
First there came the color blue,
To show the world that we are true.
Next there came the color red,
To show the world the blood we shed.
Finally there came the color green

To show the world that we are mean.

Private Pile (Submitted by Midn Ryan Case, Midn John Genta, Midn John Ourednik)

Private Pile was a fat Marine.
The fattest one DI'd ever seen.
The DI would always scream and shout.
Why does your belly hang so far out.
PT, PT all damn day.
So that belly will stop that sway.
Push ups, sit ups, hit the grass.
Private Pile move that ASS(with emphasis)!
Private Pile we won't stop.
Till that weight starts to drop.
Keep it up, keep it up, we want more.
So you can join our beloved corps.
Teamwork changed him from a lazy dud.
Now he is a PT stud.

Tale of the Recon Marine (Submitted by Conrad Risherstein)

Way, way back in the dawn of time
In the Valley of Death where the sun don't shine
A mighty fighting man was made
From an M-16 and a live grenade
He looked mighty big with his ALICE pack
He drove mighty mean with his Cadillac
This mighty fighting lean green machine
Goes by the title of a Recon Marine
Roll on your left
And roll your right
Roll on your left
We love to double time!

Tarzan and Jane (Submitted by Corey Wright)

Tarzan and Jane were swingin' from a vine,
Suppin' from a bottle of whisky double wine.
Jane missed the vine and then she fell,
When she hit the ground she gave a little yell,
Ai-e-ai
Mmm, mmm
Feels good
Ai-e-ai

Mmm, mmm
Real good

Tarzan and Cheetah were swingin' from a vine,
Sippin' from a bottle of whisky double wine.
Cheetah missed the vine and then he fell,
When he hit the ground he gave a little yell,
Ai-e-ai
Mmm, mmm
Feels good
Ai-e-ai
Mmm, mmm
Real good

A Terrible Jam in Viet Nam (Submitted by Jeremy Bush)

Come on all of you big strong men
Uncle Sam needs ya' help again.
Got himself in a terrible jam.
Way down yonder in Viet Nam.
So put down your books and pick up a gun
We're all gonna have a whole lotta' fun.
Come on Wall Street don't be slow.
Man this is war so go go go.
There's a lot a good money to be made.
Supplin' the army with the tools of the trade.
Just hope and pray that if we drop the bomb.
We go and drop it on Viet Nam.
Come on generals let move fast.
Your big chance is here at last.
Now we can go out and get those reds.
Cause' the only good Commie is one that's dead.

Up From a Sub (Submitted by Mike)

Out in the sky in the middle of the night
When we hit the deck we're ready to fight.
Up from a sub 60 feet below.
We scuba to the surface and we're ready to go.
We're gonna back stroke, side stroke, swim to shore.
When we hit the beach we're ready for war.

Chorus:
Singing Hoo-yah, Hoo-yah, Hey!
Ho-yah Running day!
Singing Hoo-yah, Hoo-yah, Hey!
Just another PT day

Well Chief caught a round right between the eyes,
And Corpsman thought for sure that the Chief would die.
But chief stood up straight as any man
And killed four commies in hand to hand.
Well twenty seconds later there was not a sound,
And fifty dead Commies were lying around.

Chorus:

Now Superman may be the man of steel,
But he ain't no match for a Navy SEAL.
Now Chief and sup they got in a fight.
Chief hit him in the head with some kryptonite.
Sup fell down on his knees in pain.
Now the chiefs dating Louis Lane.

Chorus:

Well I've got a dog and his name is blue.
And blue wants to be a SEAL too...
So I bought him a mask and four little fins.
I took him too the ocean and I threw his butt in.
Blue came back too my surprise.
With a shark in his teeth and gleam in his eyes.

Chorus:

When I Die (Submitted by SSgt Shafi A McCants)

When I die bury me deep.
With two crossed rifles laid beneath my feet

And by my side a .45 I wear,
And don't forget to pack my PT gear

Because early one mornin' around zero five,
The grounds gonna shake there'll be thunder in the sky

Don't you get alarmed Don't you come undone.
It's just me and Chesty Puller on a PT run.